

MIRROR

1939-1940

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MIRROR



FALL '39

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that Camels burn
longer and give you
more smoking?"

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THE MIRROR

FALL ISSUE

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Editorial

WELL, here it is the end of another fall term and time for the *Mirror* to take its place once more in Andover life. The *Mirror* this year is stepping out, we hope. Following our policy of giving the students a magazine they will enjoy reading, we editors have selected our material with care and believe we have succeeded in putting together a well-balanced issue of interesting, readable matter.

When we took over the reins of the illustrious old publication, we rose from the ranks of the common herd. Because of those former connections we knew the opinions and preferences of the rabble on what appeared and should appear in the *Mirror*. While we could not, of course, agree with them on every point, for matters practical *and* strategic, we did, however, recognize the merits in some of their clamoring. Thus it was that we decided to select our material with a special eye to those who would be our dear readers. We trust that we have

done so, and if in this way we have sent a ray of sunshine into somebody's breast or provided a happy little five minutes in the turbulent lives of a few Andover men, we will sigh deep sighs of satisfaction. If not, we will be guided in the future by the reactions of our public and will keep on striving for perfection.

There is only one criticism we have to make. That is that nowhere near enough contributions have been forthcoming from the lower classes. There is nothing to fear, no obligations to be incurred, and we haven't got a "sucker list." We are now publicly crying for contributions from the lower classes. Contributors compete with their own class, and new board members are selected on the basis of the work they turn in, whether printed or not, and the interest shown. So why don't you other fellows get on the job and make the *Mirror* a really representative school magazine.

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Dr. Fickle and Mr. Hyde

BY ANTHONY R. BURNAM, '40

AS Wo Hung walks slowly along the narrow, dirt road that leads from his small rice field to his smaller hut, the sun reaches the horizon, hangs there for a moment as if held by some giant hand, and finally plunges out of sight, leaving only a few faint traces of pink in the evening sky. The beauty of this natural phenomenon would have made the average person stop and gape with awe; however, it seems to have little effect on Wo Hung. Wo Hung is exhausted—completely, exhausted as only a man who does back-breaking work all day and gets little sleep at night can be. But as he approaches his meager dwelling, Wo Hung seems to take on new life, stimulated, perhaps, by the pungent odor of rice cooking on an open stove, and walks almost briskly into the hut.

As he stands his precious hoe in the corner and sits down to partake of his evening meal, we notice for the first time that he is an old man, and that his age seems to come more from worry and toil than from years. Wo Hung, as he is now, has seen only forty-two summers pass. The first forty of these were rather commonplace; while the last two have been very eventful. In the last two years Wo Hung has seen the Japanese war machine overrun the rich river valleys of China, shoot the men, and destroy the homes. He, himself, has lost two brothers, a son, and countless friends. Wo Hung knows none of the reasons for this frightful carnage and wholesale murder; all he knows is that his countrymen are being killed by foreigners and that it is his duty to avenge their murders.

As soon as the pitiful meal of rice is finished, Wo Hung shows us his one means of taking revenge upon the Japanese invaders. It is quite dark by now and Wo Hung seems to be wide awake and even looking forward to the night's work. From under a corner of the hut he pulls out an old-fashioned rifle, a bayonet, and a pouch containing a few bul-

lets, and with these hidden as best he can under his rags, Wo Hung sets out to give battle to the airplanes, tanks, and machine guns of the invaders. However, this battle is not as unequal as it may seem on the surface. Wo Hung is soon joined by men similar to himself, armed in the same way, and on whose faces can be seen the same cool desperation.

The little band begins its night's activities by creeping up on a campfire at which a squad of enemy soldiers are asleep. The sentinels are quickly quieted by a sack filled with lead, and the throats of the others are just as quietly cut. At the next campfire things don't go so well. One of the sentinels escapes and wakes all the other men in the squad. A minor engagement follows in which the whole Japanese squad is wiped out because they stay by the fire; however, the alarm is given, and no more lone squads can be picked off tonight. The lowly farmers retreat, flushed with victory, but conscious of the fact that they should have done much better. One of their number tells of going all the way around a camp, while on a similar expedition, and killing all the men at every sentry post. On their retreat home the farmers also cut all communication lines of the enemy and cause as much trouble as possible.

Shortly before dawn the group of men breaks up; Wo Hung returns to his hut with a new rifle and a belt full of ammunition. He hides these new treasures carefully, for tomorrow there will be a search and it is essential that he appear to be nothing more than an innocent farmer. He notices that the letters MADE IN U. S. A. are on the rifle, but attaches little significance to that fact; for he is mainly concerned with the enemy that he can see, not with the one who, although many miles away, is harming his cause almost as much.

The Coward

BY WILLIAM M. ENNIS, JR., '40

DRIP...drip...drip... Nothing but fog and the weary dripping of water from the tall girders onto the bridge below. Then there came a new sound, the tapping of heels on cement, and the figure of a man appeared out of the murk as if by magic. He stopped beside a cable support and gripped the rail in his hands. He presented almost a comic figure, standing there in the mist, hatless with his hair awry and his breath coming out in loud, shallow gasps. He glanced about furtively and stiffened suddenly as the hollow moan of a fog horn drifted through the mist. Hardly had the weird sound echoed away than the regular clicking of a woman's heels came nearer and nearer. He ran nervous fingers through his hair, turned up the collar of his trench coat and peered out over the oily waters.

She stopped suddenly, apparently surprised at seeing anyone on the bridge at so late an hour. His presence had a queer effect on her; she gazed at him blankly for a moment as though awakening from a dream or trance, and then sagged on the railing, sobbing silently. He hastened to her side visibly alarmed. His voice was low and hesitant.

"May I—can I be of any assistance?"

She shook her head weakly, but there was gratitude in her eyes. He took the opportunity to study her. She was very pretty, endowed with a beauty that was further enhanced by the tears she was shedding. Presently she spoke in a soft voice well under control.

"Thanks. I'm terribly sorry if I have disturbed you—."

He hastily reassured her, almost afraid that she would not believe him. She had completely regained her composure, and they conversed in low tones. As time went on she began to unburden her woes to him. It was the problem old as time itself—the unwed mother. He nodded sympathetically but

seemed puzzled as to her presence on the bridge. Under lowered lids she glanced significantly at the black waters below. He looked hard at her, and the word "Coward" formed on his lips, carrying a hint of scorn. Then he softened a bit and explained the futility of that escape, advised her to bear the shame with head high and with unfailing pride. He spoke earnestly and reassuringly, and soon there came into her eyes, which had been pools of despair, a new light and hope. She stood up straight, thanked him warmly, and was gone in an instant.

Once more silence set in. He glanced in the direction in which she had gone, and there was a faint smile on his lips as he hoisted himself up on the rail, poised, and hurtled toward the black, swirling waters below. There was a faint splash; the fog horn sounded; then nothing but fog and the weary drip...drip...drip.

Love Forgotten?

BY ALAN S. COOK, '41

Lazily my heart beats nowadays,

The fever over and the patient well.

And I beyond all censure or all praise

Have made the year my only citadel;

For all who know the terror of love's flight

Must choose a final course they can pursue.

And I have found that hearth-fires leaping bright

Can soften any memory of you.

And you must know how earnestly I pray

That you have found a shelter that is set

Far from the road that leads to yesterday,

Where you will soon remember to forget.

For as the evening grows chilly and day grows late,

There should be time for everything but hate!

I Remember Rankoora

BY WALTER J. CURLEY, JR., '40

AS I sit now in the tranquil silence of my study, the heavy book slips into my lap, and I stare fixedly into the crackling, comforting fireplace, turning my mind back over the span of many years: Singapore, Paris, California, the Orient, Rankoora —. I shudder as this island is remembered and try to pass on to the more pleasant but less vivid fields of the past. But, as I had once been drawn *physically* to this isle, its weird magnetism now attracts my unwilling *thoughts* to the breakers crashing about its silvery sands and to the horrible mysticism that laid within its lush jungle.

Twenty-seven years before, I had succumbed to a wanderlust that led me to the most ghastly experience of my life. I boarded the tramp steamer *Carome* at San Diego for the enchanting isles of the Pacific. Enthusiasm mounted each day of our many weeks as the gray sea of the middle Pacific slowly gave way to the deep blue of tropical waters. Skimming flying fish and inquisitive gulls heralded our approach to the island paradises that spelled romance to us all. We passed close by the islands of Manaroa and Tabooro and were serenaded by the friendly natives whose colorful sarongs and smiling faces contradicted any thought of the inherent savage that might easily show its head. We cruised into the verdant harbor of Rankoora, and I was soon walking the streets of the tiny village whose outskirts ended abruptly in the tangles of the jungle. We were to depart early the next morning and so had twenty-four hours in which to enjoy this stop. All day I mingled with the natives and soon felt a tingling sense of apprehension stimulated by the sombre and secretive actions of the inhabitants. Their quiet, almost sulky moodiness contrasted sharply with the happy abandon of the neighboring isles. I passed off as mere fancy and awaited the evening that quickly fell, like a black cloak, over this meridional heaven.

At the rise of a full moon the thump-thump-thump of drums pounded by unseen palms reverberated from the foliage until the whole jungle throbbled with their tone. I felt the romance of a possible native feast so decided to stay ashore that night instead of returning to the security of the *Carome*. The emptiness of the village and the increasing tempo of the drums prompted me to take one of the many paths that led into the underbrush, in search of the center of native interest. The damp, fertile foliage only accented the heat of the tropical night as I crashed through the thick bushes and grasping vines. The sound of the drums became nearer and suddenly, as I parted the leaves of a huge manya tree, I looked upon a large clearing entirely illuminated by the full moon. Hypnotized

(Continued on Page 29)



Hey! put out the fire. I see a ship!

Our Railroad Problem

BY GEORGE McC. GIBBS, '40

TODAY our American railroads are facing one of the most critical periods in their hundred odd years of existence. Many of the leading roads are already in receivership, and a large number of the others are on the brink of financial failure. To allow a continuation of such a situation as now exists will entail the inevitable fall of all the American railroads and the consequent disruption of the finest and most efficient transportation system that the world has ever known. Strong words those, but nevertheless they are dangerously true. Economic experts the country over are advancing possible remedies such as government ownership, government subsidies, consolidation of lines, reduction of fixed charges, and countless other solutions. But yet none of these so-called solutions strike at the basic cause of the whole problem. They are like suggestions to fill the leaking bucket with more water instead of patching up the hole. Until such a time as the root of the evil is dug up and disposed of, the railroads cannot help but flounder in their own helpless incapability. What is this fundamental evil? Of late, an outstanding theory has been brought forth in the argument that government favoritism has been shown to the other modes of internal transportation, namely, the trucking industry, the inland waterways, the buses and the airplanes.

Most apparent has this favoritism been in the trucking industry. The railroad is the only means of transportation which pays taxes on and maintains its complete right of way. Trucks, on the other hand, pay only relatively small taxes, in return for which the government builds and keeps up a vast network of roads. Moreover, the taxes they pay fall short by almost half a billion dollars of the cost of the damage they inflict annually on the highways. Little wonder, then, that the railroads are raising a loud cry of indigna-

tion. The question thus resolves itself into deciding what should be the remedy for this situation. Two choices lie open: one is that the government should maintain the railroads' rights of way; the other is that trucking taxes should be raised to the same relative level as those of the railroads. As far as the actual application of these remedies is concerned, it would seem that the latter is the more desirable, undoubtedly due to the wave of opposition which would be incurred in the case of the former.

Another cause for claims of inequality lies in the basic rate structures of the two industries. Trucks are today hauling about 11 per cent of the nation's freight, or in other words, about one-sixth as much as the railroads carry. Yet for carrying one-sixth as much, they receive more than one-half as much income. If, then, the railroads can carry goods for less, why is it that the trucks get as much business as they do? The answer is not simple. Certain commodities are known as goods "tied to the rails," because in this merchandise the railroads suffer no competition. On these articles the roads have been forced to charge low rates, and the rates on the competitive articles have been pushed up. It is on these goods that the trucks have been able to undersell the railroads, not because the *cost* to them was less, but because they were allowed to haul the goods for less. An epic example illustrating the inefficiency of this system concerns the large trucking magnate who competes with the railroads between two big cities. Underselling the latter, he then loads his trucks filled with the merchandise on flat cars and ships them to their destination for less than it would cost him to run them on the highways. The point of the example is obvious. The railroads charge less for carrying the goods and a big truck than they charge for hauling the goods themselves. Until

such a time as the railroads can adjust their own rates to vie with competition, they cannot hope to compete on an equal basis with other means of transportation.

A third source of favoritism concerns itself with the question of wages. Railroad workers are the highest paid men of their class in the country, yes, even the world. An average freight conductor works some 120 hours a month, receiving for his labors approximately \$260. This is working at the rate of over \$2.00 an hour, or almost \$9.00 a day. A truck driver is extremely lucky to receive \$1.00 an hour, most of the drivers getting much less. Notwithstanding these high wages, the railroads were forced in the middle of the depression to raise wages still more. If wages are to be raised, why not look first to those industries in which they are lowest?

Trucks, though favored, are not the only group in this class. Inland river boats pay hardly anything for their right of way. The government dredges and deepens the rivers and constructs free dams, much of the money for which comes from the pockets of the railroads in the tremendous taxes which they pay. As for the buses, they too get the use of the highways for comparatively nothing. And they too cost the government more than the amount they contribute. Airplanes land and take off on government constructed municipal landing fields, and pay next to nothing in taxes. And so it goes with all the other means of transportation.

We now come to the last and most important phase of our discussion—that dealing with efficiency. The railroads can haul an average ton of freight for less than a cent a mile. For a trucker to make any profit at all he must charge at least 2½ cents for the same job. It does not take an economist to fathom out which system here is the more efficient. Let us look at the situation from another angle. A long freight train can go a distance of one mile for three dollars. Thirty-six of the largest type trucks can likewise go one mile for three dollars. But the trucks have a capacity of less than one-seventh that of the freight train.

From this it should be clear that the railroads operate with far greater efficiency than do the trucks.

In view of the foregoing facts, then, it would seem that all the railroads need to get back on their feet once more is to be rid of harmful government intervention and favoritism towards the other carriers. Although not favoring a prejudiced government, the railroads nevertheless feel that if favoritism is to be extended, it should be given to that carrier which provides the most efficient service. As a remedy to their ills, the Association of American Railroads (composed of all the leading United States railroads) advocates the placing of all inland transportation, whether by land, air, or water, on an equal basis. Then, and then only, will the railroads be able to take their deserved high place in the field of American transportation.

To the Muse of Poetry

BY GEORGE STEPHENSON, '40

Why Muse, great goddess, dost thou not inspire
 All men to write thy praise from age to age—
 To tell in verse thy past and e'en presage
 Still greater music from the poet's lyre?
 Is all thy beauty, all thy height a spire
 Whose summit few may gain, to there assuage
 Their thirst to be the poet, scholar, sage—
 To clothe their thoughts in poetry's attire?
 Must all the rest forego this greatest joy?
 Must they and I, by thee not called to make
 Great odes or e'en small poems, pour out our
 heart
 In prose, which all great feeling doth alloy,
 For only verses of our souls partake?
 O Muse, why dost thou not show all thine art?

A Fair Day

BY WILLIAM P. ARNOLD, JR., '40

IT was a cloudless, balmy day in early July when I found myself implanted in the depths of a certain spit of land colloquially known as Manhattan Island. It seems that I was visiting a school-mate who had unaccountably chosen this as his place of abode. Be that as it may, there we were—the two of us—faced with the problem of how to get the most out of this cloudless, balmy July day,

As we lingered over our coffee (I should say *his* coffee, for, of course, I don't indulge), I was struck with a singularly happy inspiration. "Let's go out to the Fair," I said. My friend's face lit up immediately.

"Swell!" he replied. "How did you ever think of it?"

"Well," I rejoined, "I've got a hunch—just a bare hunch—that sometime around the last of October I'm going to have to write a theme up at school, and just so I won't have to write about the same thing all those other stooges do, I think I ought to go to the Fair and tell them something about that. You know, a lot of them are from around Boston, and while some do know what New York is, most of them still think the New Haven Railroad stops at Providence."

"How do you want to go out? By railroad or subway?"

"Which is cheaper?"

"Railroad's a dime, sub's a nickel."

"We'll take the sub." And we took the sub. We jerked and jolted an ungodly distance, weaving in and out of the sky-scrapers and rattling out across the Flushing Meadows. At last we stopped at some dark building and got off. Unfolded before us was the glorious panorama of the Fair. We weren't there yet, though. We tightened our shoelaces and set out on the cross-country jaunt from the dark structure where we had been dumped to the actual portals of the glorious panorama.

The entrance stile finally loomed ahead, and of course I had forgotten my book of admission tickets I'd bought so cheaply at school. I stood in line at one of the booths, and since it was Children's Day, I got in for a dime. A saving of sixty-five cents isn't to be taken as a personal insult, so we found ourselves inside and ready to go.

We decided to pass up, for the time being, that exotic little perfume box flanking the entrance, and stormed forth seeking a more adventuresome world to conquer. The Trylon and the Perisphere became the first to fall before us, and it was while we were being trundled around the inside of the globule that my candid camera responded most nobly to the call by making an exposure of heretofore unexcelled quality of the "City of the Future." (As a

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New England's Most Famous Isle From the Sea

BY STEPHEN B. FINCH, '40

THE water lapped gently, peacefully at the sleek sides of our trim fishing smack as we pointed her nose homeward. There before us like a grim sentry guarding the entrance to Penobscot Bay, Mt. Desert reared its majestic heights for nearly two thousand feet above the sea, the highest point on the entire Atlantic seacoast of North America. It's one of those stray mountains, so typical of Maine—towering masses of granite, rising abruptly far above the surrounding country, isolated, with no definite ranges of which they form a part and for that reason appearing even higher and more inspiring and impressive than they are.

The sun was sinking in true end-of-travelogue fashion, streaks of red, orange, blue, and purple smeared across the sky, enhancing even further the grandeur of the bare, upper slopes ahead and increasing their austere and forbidding aspect. Cadillac, the highest and most famous of them all, so proud of the wide, concrete highway, the finest in the world, which winds up its side; Sargent, with its many goat, walking, and horseback trails, guarding its freedom from modern autos; the Bubble, small and inviting to the amateur climber and yet in truth the most treacherous of them all, for around its sides wind the most dangerous and for that reason the most thrilling trails on the island; Pimetic, Newport, and Brown, with their sides of dark green, patched with the varying shades of brown and gray of steep cliffs, they all spread out before us in such a magnificent picture that not even the world's greatest artist or photographer could do so much as half justice to it.

To the right and left of us lay many small islands, void of all kinds of civilization, with their rocky, indented shorelines and heavily wooded tops, visited infrequently by lobster fishermen and

perhaps an occasional picnic group. They are the brood, nestling on their bed of clear, blue water close to their mother, Mt. Desert, which all the while looks intently down upon them.

As we rounded one of the many sharp points jutting out from the shore of the island, suddenly Northeast Harbor lay open before us, speckled with a wide variety of boats, ranging from the natives' inglorious ketches to the sleek greyhounds of the sea, the yachts of American society, all pointed in perfect formation towards us by the incoming tide. There at the very head of the harbor, situated on a side of one of the many ridges, stood the tremendous both in size and in fame Asticou Inn, with its panoramic view of the surrounding water and islands. Lining the shore on both sides were the large, luxurious mansions of the socially elect and wealthy who flock to this haven of peace and beauty every summer. As we moved even farther into the harbor, the Northeast village could be seen through the trees that line the water's edge, wherein quaint, naive natives and worldly cosmopolitans rub elbows during the three summer months of every year.

Now the long dock, stretching far out into the water because of the tremendous tides, was alongside, and as we stepped from the boat, our view from the sea of New England's most famous isle ended.

Love

BY WILLIAM T. CAHILL, '40

Last night I held a dainty hand,
So tender and so sweet;
I thought my heart would burst within,
So madly did it beat.

No other hand I've held in mine,
Could greater solace bring;
Than that I held in mine last night,
Four aces and a king.

J. E. B. Stuart

BY ROBERT A. FURMAN, '42

NEVER again will armies respond to the exhortations of their fearless leaders, charging gallantly before them, and follow them undaunted into battle. Never again will the world hear tell of chivalrous knights dying by the sword. All this has succumbed to modern warfare—mathematical and scientific. But never will the memory of the colorful and valiant “Jeb” Stuart die. Idol of every Southern heart, model for every Confederate soldier, envied by every foe, his glory will be immortal. Many soldiers have possessed his skill, many his bravery, but none have surpassed his glamour, his color, his dash.

Unfortunately his splendor has outshone his great military exploits, but this is easy to understand. Anyone who ever saw “Jeb” Stuart would never forget that sight. The first feature of his appearance that would be noticed was the fiery scarlet velvet lining of his dull gray military cape that was distinguishable for miles. As he drew nearer, one would notice his horse’s polished gear, his gold sash beneath which hung his large saber, his plumed hat, and the habitual bunch of roses pinned to his jacket. His face was greatly overshadowed by a huge, dark brown beard which measured at least five inches. His rolled mustache, sturdy nose, and mirthful and adventuresome eyes complemented this large beard, all coalescing to hide his other features that had earned him the cynical name of “Beauty” during his West Point career.

“Jeb” Stuart’s most famous military exploit was the complete circuit of McClellan’s lines which he made while on an elongated reconnoitering expedition for Lee. Stuart had at first planned merely to scout behind Fitz-John Porter’s flank to ascertain its strength and position, but, when his escape back by the way he had come was severed,

he continued on. He raided supply bases, cut off communications, fired on a train bound for Washington, destroyed two U. S. supply boats which lay at anchor in the Ramunkey River, and raised general havoc with McClellan’s rear. At one point, where high water made fords across the Chickahominy impassable, he hurriedly had an entire bridge rebuilt on the ruins of another one with lumber from a warehouse which he destroyed. On June 15th, three days after his departure, Stuart returned triumphantly to Richmond with the information Lee desired and with one hundred and sixty-five amazed prisoners astride one hundred and sixty-five captured horses. This daring raid lightened and encouraged every Confederate heart and, for the first time since Napoleon, proved the great military value of cavalry.

But as great a soldier as Stuart was, his color, character, and daring exploits did more for the South by reviving that spirit of stubborn, dogged determination that had so characterized the early days of the Confederacy. His raids at Chambersburg, Chancellorsville, and at many other places proved of great value to general headquarters in the information he brought back, but more than that, it restored confidence in weakening officers to know that they had one man with whom complete trust was always safe. In time of emergency it was reassuring to “send for Stuart” with the certainty that his mission would be carried out to the letter. As his deeds restored confidence to war-weary commanders, so his presence restored the faith of every soldier in the cause for which he was willing to die. In him every soldier saw a personal standard, but, moreover, a standard which the North had been unable to excel.

Although Stuart lived for three years the rough life of the war’s most feared and respected cavalry leader, he never once allowed his strong moral

and religious principles to sag. Never touching a drop of liquor himself, he tried to discourage his men's practice of drinking. Never on Sundays was any drinking allowed, and always on this day were hymns substituted for songs like *Alabama Girls*, *Won't You Come Out Tonight*. Even in death he steadfastly held to his stoic belief in God and His power over life and death, as his dying words reveal: "I'm going fast. God's will be done."

That Final Shot

BY WALTER J. CURLEY, '40

I tramped the last few fairways
With fear upon my soul,
Thinking of the fate that loomed
At the dreaded Eighteenth Hole.

For years and years I've trudged the links,
Yet feared this harmless green,
'Cause always near its verdant slopes
"Friends'" faces could be seen.

Today was no exception
For the chronic clubhouse mob
Had spied my nervous figure
And murmured, "Here comes Bob!"

My second shot was short a bit
I chipped up carefully.
Right near the pin that golf ball lit. . .
I grinned triumphantly.

I stalked the several paces
To my ball. . .so near the pin,
And resolved to fool that leering bunch
By tapping it right in!

I could hear their bated whispers
As I swung my trusty blade,
And knew as I approached it
That this shot MUST be made.

I lined it up and felt the grass
To see how it was cut.
I took my stance and stroked the ball
And missed the g. . .m putt!

The Mighty Margus

BY PETER HATCH, '40

THE speeding plane soared out of a misty cloud which had engulfed it for the last several minutes, and now, as the sun blazed unobstructed on its wings, glittered with silvery magnificence. The open country, lying tranquilly in sight below it, displayed itself in miniature. It would have made a breath-taking sight for the plane's passengers, had they not been occupied at the time. For this was the specially designed plane of Emanuel Margus, and Emanuel Margus never allowed his subordinates to gawk at the view.

Emanuel Margus, who was known far and wide as "The Chief," was seated in a massive armchair which reminded one of the Yale Club, rather than of an airplane travelling at 250 miles an hour. He gnawed nervously on a toothpick and stayed crouched over a drawing board, on which a map had carefully been thumbtacked. From time to time he would reach over to move one of the little colored pins which spangled the board. Half-formed plans were rushing through his head with such rapidity that even Emanuel Margus was puzzled. Yes, it was obvious that "The Chief" was about to start on another of his famous campaigns, which had always met with success.

Emanuel Margus, whose official title was merely President, but whose actual status indicated something much more powerful, was a self-made man. If his brain were "fertile," as the more vivid newspaper accounts described it, it had been he himself who had fertilized it. Now he was deciding upon a plan of action which he knew would be too clever for those whose interests conflicted with his. He was determined to make this campaign his most devastating one of all.

He suddenly sat up in his chair, elated by the idea of the victory that he knew was bound to come. The only words he had spoken for the last hour had been snappish questions concerning the

size and equipment of the vast organization under him, for powerful as he was, he kept little track of conditions surrounding him. The little group of men by his side answered deferentially, trembling with anxiety to make themselves useful. They hovered around him and waited to fulfill his least command. Their pockets were crammed with matches, aspirin tablets and handkerchiefs, and their brains with statistics, all ready to be of use should "The Chief" ever want anything. The scene reminded one of a group of leeches, all fighting to get the best hold on some powerful monster.

Thoughtfully Margus stretched out his large hand and moved a red pin several inches. Yes, it would be better to have Krausky over there! He knew he could trust Krausky, who had the power of getting remarkable results out of his men. Moreover the situation in the eastern sector looked bad! At least so far the men had not done very well. However, Margus knew that this final push of his would change things. He smiled when he thought about it, knowing that he could not fail.

Margus spat out his soggy toothpick and pushed aside his map. Things began to look pretty clear to him now, and he knew just how he would proceed. He longed to get this business over with and to get back to his mountain estate. There he could swim in his private pool or toboggan on his own slide, according to season, at least temporarily forgetting his obligation to the world. But duty had always called him back. He did not dare intrust his task to someone else, for hadn't fate destined that he and only he should fulfill it?

Margus scowled at his subordinates and continued to think of the future. He was sure that after this campaign all would be clear sailing. Then he could retire permanently to his mountain home and perhaps even find time to get married to one of the beautiful actresses whose names were so frequently linked with his in the newspapers. Maybe he would even have a son, on whom he could count to carry on with his great task instead of being forced to hand it over to one of his fawning subordinates. All he had to do was to make this cam-

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Lost

By BENJAMIN C. MORSE, '42

- 1:05 P.M. SOS, SOS, SOS. *James Hart*, British freighter, torpedoed Lat. 23°N. and Long. 50° W. Unknown enemy has not risen. Sinking fast. Come quickly. The *Hart* will not last long. Any ships in vicinity advise us on time you will be able to arrive.
- 1:12 P.M. *S. S. William Ross* to *James Hart*: By bearings are seventy miles north. At top speed will reach you in five hours. Changing course. Coming. Keep wireless going. Want to get bearings on you. Have you sighted enemy yet? Standing by.
- 1:20 P.M. *James Hart* to *S. S. William Ross*: Enemy submarine has risen and is shelling us. Crew answering enemy fire with forward gun. Engine room flooding fast. May have to change to batteries before long. Ship will not last for five hours, but we will stick it out in the boats.
- 1:23 P.M. *S. S. William Ross* to *James Hart*: Carrying all steam we dare. Keep us advised on battle. Am getting bearings. Keep signals coming.
- 1:30 P.M. *James Hart* to *S. S. William Ross*: Engine room flooded. Am now using batteries. Can you hear me? Forward gun shot to pieces. Gun crew all killed by explosion of shell. After gun crew now carrying on. Conning-tower of submarine shot off. Believe we have hit her amidships. Cannot abandon ship now. All boats shot to bits. Going down fast. Please hurry.
- 1:33 P.M. *S. S. William Ross* to *James Hart*: Hold tight. Coming as fast as possible.
- 1:40 P.M. *James Hart*: SOS, SOS, SOS. Sinking! Forward well-deck awash! Going down! SOS, sos . . .
- 1:41 P.M. *S. S. William Ross*: *James Hart!* Calling *James Hart!* Calling *James Hart!*
- 6:00 P.M. *S. S. William Ross* to the Azores: Arrived at given position. No traces so far.
- 7:00 P.M. *S. S. William Ross* to the Azores: Use-

less to look farther. All we found was an oil slick and part of submarine's wooden deck.

BULLETIN

Lloyd's of London

Ship *James Hart* lost with all on board in mid-Atlantic after a brief encounter with an enemy submarine. From evidence found, the *James Hart* succeeded in sinking the submarine before she foundered.

Thoughts in Bitterness

BY CHARLES SEYMOUR ALDEN, '40

"O tell me, swain, and tell me true
 Why is it that your eyes stay blue?
 All other men that I have seen,
 Too soon have had their eyes go green."
 "Why, young girl, it's plain to me
 They lose their hearts when you they see.
 You walk so much with diff'rent boys
 The slighted grieve your absent joys.
 "So now, young wench, I hope you see,
 Their eyes go green from jealousy."
 "O quickly tell me if 'tis so
 Dost thou mind not with whom I go?
 "My boy, thou art my life to me,
 Yet care you not with whom I be?"
 "O truth if I should marry you
 I'd have to watch whate'er you'd do.
 "If horned I be nights from home
 You would berate me like a crone,
 So let's each go our youthful way.
 We'll meet some harvest eve in May."



We Have One Foe

BY JOHN H. RIEGE, '40

THE feeling of loss which the whole school felt at his departure was nothing as compared with that which Friedrich himself experienced as he waved goodbye to his friends and to the United States. For he realized that he was leaving behind him conditions and enjoyments which he would never find in Germany.

Friedrich had lived nineteen years in his homeland, and had had all the ideals of his country driven into him, yet this year in America had wrought a complete change in his philosophy of life. Tears came to his eyes as he thought of the two English students whom he had met in America, and the warm spot which they occupied in his heart. He realized that he would never see them again, and, as is always the case, appreciated what their friendship had meant to him, now that they had departed. He also thought of a poem which he had heard so often that it was imprinted in his mind. He couldn't believe that he could have possibly learned such a slanderous, distorted jumble of words.

"We all have but a single hate,
 We will never forego our hate,
 We love as one, we hate as one,
 We have one foe, and one alone—
 England!"

Wouldn't it be wonderful to show the Germans—his fellow countrymen—that they were wrong, just as he had been?

But Friedrich did not have much time to point out to his friends their mistakes. As soon as he reached home, he spent a few days with his parents—days packed with discussions of his experiences and the people he had met in America. His parents had always loved Friedrich deeply, but they were soon convinced that he had changed. They did not understand him now. He said things he should not have said about the German people and about their horrible enemies, the British. Nevertheless they loved him just as much as they

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Communism and Fascism in Practice

BY JOHN SHERRARD BRITAIN, '40

PURE communism, as laid down by Karl Marx, in theory is quite different from fascism. Marx advocated the country's being owned by the people as opposed to fascism's conception of a country owned by the government, which, supposedly for the people's good, imposes its ideas upon the people by military force; but in practice these two forms of government differ little, if at all. Upon assuming power, the communists are soon faced with difficulties that necessitate their adopting fascist ideas, an act which eventually leads to their imitating fascism completely.

Communism or any government which is based on a planned economy cannot help becoming militarized. It is inconceivable that a multitude of individuals who are allowed free choice would voluntarily choose the same national plan. A president of a steel mill, upon his country's adopting communism, is informed that he is to cease operating his mill on the old capitalistic plan, and is now to direct it in accordance with the ideas of communism. Is it probable that all such persons, who have been used to operating their factories on the most productive basis possible, since their own gain depended upon efficiency, would voluntarily continue to work with the same diligence now that all chances of bettering their respective fortunes were gone? I do not think so. Of course, if such a situation were to arise, we would undoubtedly find some industrialists who believed in communism and therefore would bend every effort to co-operate, but there would not be many of these. Consequently, some sort of regimented rule which embodies a hierarchy of officers forcing its rule on the nation would have to follow; otherwise, we would find our planned economy operating very inefficiently.

After establishing itself, it follows that a gov-

ernment which is based on a planned economy must rally to its support the whole nation; and to do this thoroughly, it must turn to fascism for the means. The people must be so indoctrinated that they will voluntarily agree with the government. An intensive propaganda campaign must be undertaken. Only those ideas favorable to the government may be expressed. The press and radio must be closely restricted. All forms of literature soon become extremely one-sided, the best example of this being histories, which are powerful instruments of propaganda because of their biased point of view. All freedom of speech must disappear. To attain this end—universally supported planned economy—this propaganda must be forced down the throat of the nation; but people do not give up their right of freedom of speech, et cetera, without resentment, and some will persist in voicing ideas directly opposed to the government. Therefore, such persons must be forcibly suppressed, and in doing so, we enter once again into the field of fascism.

A communistic government, following its planned economy most effectively, must put down all freedom of choice in respect to professions, for otherwise it would soon find that there would be a shortage in one industry, while an excess in another. It must employ, therefore, the dictatorial principles of fascism to regulate itself properly.

Consequently, after a close examination of communism, it is difficult without splitting hairs to see how it differs in practice from fascism. It must use the means of the latter to achieve its end, and it must do so because it believes in a planned economy. Stalin enjoys no different powers and to no less extent than Hitler or Mussolini. In fact, it would seem that communism is merely a sugar-coated pill for fascism.

Homines Bellum Gerent

BY M. R. HEINTZELMAN, '40

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

The Man in Black

The Man in White

Man in Red Cloak

(The time: any time. The place: any place. The front of the scene is completely bare, while about twenty feet back a series of steps rises until it meets a sort of structure in the form of a Greek temple. The face of this building is blank except for an alcove right in the middle. The alcove contains a pedestal on which a statue is usually placed. Right down the middle of the whole set, from the bare floor, up the steps, right through the alcove, and up the face of the temple is a line, to the right of which all is painted black, and to the left, white. As the curtains open, a grey figure of a statue is standing on the pedestal motionless. Its face is covered. The whole scene is of a very dark atmosphere. First the white man enters from his side, dressed in a tight-fitting costume of white material, which clings to his body so that there are no superfluous pieces of cloth. His head is covered with a white cap, and his face is painted white. He roams around looking at things, crossing the line into black territory. Soon the black man comes in, dressed the same way as the other, but in black; his face is black; he roams around into white territory. Suddenly the two perceive each other.)

White: Have I ever met you before?

Black: I think not!

White: (Extending his hand) I am white.

Black: (The same) I am black.

Both: How do you do!

Fine, thank you!

White: Where do you live?

I live there. . . (he points)

Black: And I there. (The same)

(They have both pointed into the wings where

their respective colors disappear)

White: Strange, but we look alike.

We are formed the same.

Black: Except for our color!

White: What is color?

We look the same in shape.

We must think the same.

We should be friends!

Black: And friends we are! (They shake hands)

White: I have something to tell you,

Since we are friends.

I have a box at home,

Filled with things I make.

Manufacture it is called.

Black: How strange; I have the same.

Shall I get it?

White: Yes, and we'll trade. . .

Black: A good idea!

(They shake again, and then depart through their respective wings. The statue on the pedestal, which as yet has not moved or been noticed by the actors, begins to move, and soon drops its grey cloak, under which is a brilliant scarlet one. He, for it is a man, wears a gold-colored Greek helmet. His face is rather handsome and young. As White returns with his box, Red remains standing on the pedestal. White looks around for Black who has not arrived; he then looks at Red for the first time and is very astonished and moved at the impressive sight.)

White: What is that? (In awe)

Where did it come from?

I never saw it before.

(Red comes down to him, and he is more scared than ever)

Red: Do you know who I am?

White: No. . . Sir.

Red: That is good!

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A Cargo of Cats

BY WILLIAM P. ARNOLD, JR., '40

"FROM the shores of far off northern lands to the sunny tropics' scenes" includes at the present the territory and ocean immediately adjacent to Cape May, New Jersey. That is a pure statement of fact and as such signifies nothing. But when you couple that information with the actuality of my being at Cape May this summer and there being also a marine base there, you have the basis for a quite unusual and amusing little occurrence that came within an ace of tragedy.

During my summer sojourn at this pearl of the eastern seaboard, the high seas were again witness

to a thrilling bit of drama. One night mere chance found the steamer lane off the Cape being coursed by a passenger-carrying freighter bound from New York to Venezuela with, of all things, a cargo of wild animals aboard her. This shipment was from the New York Zoo to the Venezuela Zoo and included quite a few lions and tigers. It was late at night, and as the boat rolled steadily along, most of the passengers had retired to their cabins to sleep. Everything was silent except for the rhythmic beat of the motors, when suddenly a cry of alarm split the humid air. "Lion loose!" Sure



Note: All resemblance to actual persons is pure coincidence.

enough, one of the cats had managed somehow to work his way free and was loose aboard the freighter. Pandemonium reigned. All the crew scrambled on deck, and the passengers locked themselves in their cabins. The lion had been housed in the stern but had actually strolled up the deck past the open doors of the deck passengers' cabins into the bow of the boat.

The crew worked frantically—from safe perches—to barricade the fore deck with chairs, tackle, and any other gear handy. The lion growled but made no effort to attack. Having safely bottled him up, all hands breathed a sigh of relief, but came the question, what to do with him now? "We can't catch him," was the verdict of the keeper, "and if he starts roaring, he'll excite the others into rebellion." "Shoot him then," dramatically ordered the captain. Officers leaped to carry out his order, but, believe it or not, there wasn't even a water pistol on board. Necessity is the mother of invention, however, and soon the nimble fingers of the excited Sparks snapped out the message, "SOS, SOS. Any ship in vicinity with gun on board please hurry. Lion loose."

Here is where the Song of the Marines works into the plot. The drowsy lad on duty at the Cape May Coast Guard Station blinked as he looked at the message, and summoned his superior. A rapid inter-communication followed, the result of which found the Coast Guard contacting Frank Buck at the World's Fair for his advice on the problem. "You can't catch him; you've got to kill him," was his verdict. Still undaunted in their effort to spare the beast the inconvenience of a bullet, the Guard rang up Clyde Beatty at Atlantic City. Clyde was game to take a try at salvaging the situation, but an urgent message from the ship saying, "Forget capture. Bring gun quick!" put a stop to the rescue operations. Now enter the marines, and the action begins.

From the nearby barracks a Coast Guard message summoned to the service of his country a sleepy-eyed sharpshooter. Grumbling not and with typical fortitude, he pulled on his pants, should-

ered his trusty rifle, and embarked for the scene of action.

The cutter arrived at the freighter, and the men went aboard, but because of the barricade, it was difficult to get a good shot at the lion from the deck. Up to the bridge they went where they had a perfect view. The climax was at hand. Everybody was breathless as the marine took his stance. Slowly and confidently he lifted his musket into position, drew a careful bead, and tightened his finger on the trigger. Suddenly the captain cried out, "Don't shoot! I just remembered we have a load of dynamite under that deck." Down came the marine's musket.

Somebody had the idea of prying open a porthole on the fore cabin which commanded a sweep of the deck. With the lion now quiet, chewing on a twenty-pound chunk of meat given him to keep him from roaring, the marine took a position at the porthole, once more drew a careful bead, and gently squeezed the trigger.

They cut off the lion's tail for a souvenir, and after several attempts to pry loose his teeth had failed, he was consigned to a watery grave. The marine went home, and after cleaning his gun carefully and hanging up his pants on the back of his chair, returned to his interrupted slumber. The Coast Guard moored their boat, made out a report, "Called for and disposed of on the high-seas—one lion." Due to the efficiency of those sentinels of "Heaven's scenes" the territory and ocean immediately adjacent to Cape May, New Jersey, returned to its former tranquillity.



The Return of Old Abe

BY HOWARD S. WEAVER, '42

I saw him through the smoke and fog,
Homely, but elegant and tall.
Though I'm sure I saw him,
He wasn't there at all!

He didn't move a single step,
Just stood still as death.
But it wasn't death I saw;
I'm sure I saw him breathe.
Or did I see him sigh?
I really wasn't sure, you see;
And I'm not one to deny
That old Abe Lincoln wasn't there.

I called out in the darkness
And asked him why
He had come back.
Again I saw Abe sigh.
I never, never forgot,
His earnest, sad reply;
"I've come back to seek and grope,
For those things I made my goal;
Those little rays of hope,
I cherished long ago.
"But folks are still the same,
They all still hate, and steal and kill;
They all still cheat and swear,
To go against God's will.

"Then, now, and in the future,
These guinea pigs of Fate,
Will always be unchanged;
Destroy, create; destroy, create."

He looked very, very sad,
As I saw him wave good-bye.
And then gone was he,
From the survey of my humble eye.

That was many years ago.
And ever since that time,
They've all thought I mumbled
A crazy man's silly rhyme.

But now I know that I was right,
For once again I've seen old "Abe,"
Homely, but elegant and tall;
And even in Eternity,
He's the greatest of them all.

Math

BY CHARLES SEYMOUR ALDEN, '40

The vast far reaches of our class
Stretch cow-eyed in the gloom,
Squirring and yawning sleepily,
While two deep, quick minds
Argue upon some abstract
Problems in geometry,
The teacher and his star
High honor student.
Passively one tries
To understand, slouching
On the bottom of his spine.
The rest have sunk, ten
Steps back, into apathy,
Wondering vaguely what
"A" could be.
Creaking in his chair
Another fiddles with a string.
Drawing concentric circles
Is found to be
A very pleasant means to
Pass the crawling time away.
Thus it goes each day;
The two and all the class:
Sharp and quick the two;
Lost and dazed the rest.
Some wear that moonish
Smirk one uses to cloak
The shame of ignorance.
But most don't mind if
People know they cannot comprehend,
So down they slouch, and fiddle
With their compass or their pen.

A Study

BY ROBERT C. MCGIFFERT, '40

(*Winner of Headmaster's Award*)

THE morning of April twenty-eighth dawned gray and forbidding. From the window of his little bedroom, Bennett could look north to the ominous black clouds in the distance, and to the gray, uneven mass overhead. Low-hanging wisps of fog passed by occasionally, partially obscuring the tops of the tall oak trees growing in the yard. The cement driveway leading to the white frame garage in the corner of the yard was wet and glistening, and as Bennett looked at the scene, he experienced a feeling of gloom and melancholy. In that instant he regarded life as a grim, dreary journey, along which scarcely a ray of sunlight is found, and which, although it must be traveled by everyone, leads in the end to an eternity which has no meaning. Wearily, he turned away from the window and began to dress.

He put on his underwear, his socks, his shoes, and his shirt, and turned again to the window, his trousers held loosely in his left hand. The bank of dark clouds in the north seemed to him to be moving nearer, and he wondered absently if his plane would be grounded. The thought brought him suddenly back to reality, and he remembered clearly his scheduled plane trip to New York that day, and his approaching interview with the head of Coven and Company. He went carefully over every word of the introductory speech which he had prepared and gone over so many times before. He tried to remember just the right thing to say if he were told, at the end of his speech, that Coven and Company was not interested; he went over his arguments in case Coven and Company was undecided; and he repeated to himself again and again the master stroke to be delivered when Coven and Company was almost convinced of the necessity of signing the contract. He smiled with satisfaction. He knew his lines perfectly.

Twenty minutes later as he sat eating his break-

fast, the possibility of his failing in his attempt occurred to him several times, but each time he forced the idea from his mind. The most important morning of his life, he thought, had now arrived. Success this day meant advancement and a five-dollar-a-week raise in salary. Failure—but again he forced away the dark and ominous image of failure. He must think only of success, and of his promised rewards.

Later in the taxi on his way to the Municipal Airport, he again thought of the job ahead of him, and of its great importance. "I *must* put over that deal," he muttered, and unconsciously fingered his necktie, at the same time tapping his foot nervously on the floor.

He found, upon reaching the airport, that he had twenty-five minutes to wait before the departure of his plane. His reservation paid for, he occupied his time with strolling up and down before the hangars, watching private planes taking excited passengers up on their first flights, and staring at the giant ships of the commercial airlines. This bored him eventually, and he returned to the waiting room to sit down in one of the big leather chairs which he found there. When the departure was announced, and he walked out the door and through the gate to the waiting American Airlines Flagship, Bennett had entirely forgotten about his appointment with Coven and Company, and was interested only in his immediate surroundings. He stooped to go in the door, smiled at the stewardess as he gave her his name, and settled himself in the first empty seat that he found. Fastening his seat belt, he leaned back, thinking of nothing in particular as he allowed his mind to wander where it would. He heard the roar of the big twin motors, felt the ship gather speed as it bumped roughly along the ground, and finally felt the earth slipping swiftly away beneath him.

The stewardess stopped by Bennett's seat and offered him a paper. Blazed across the top line in big black letters were the words: "Hitler Scornfully Rejects F. D. R.'s Plea." Bennett turned to the page which contained the text of the Fuehrer's speech, and carefully read the so-called "twenty-one points." He read that Hitler had broken treaties with Poland and Great Britain, and as he sat there he was afflicted by the same depression that he had experienced earlier that morning. War he thought to be inevitable; the will of a single man was hurtling the world towards destruction. Soon young men, the best in the world, would be marching by the hundred-thousand to a horrible hell where men are blown to bits by their fellow-men; where life is cheap, and the universal motto is "Kill!"

He laid the paper wearily aside, and gazed gloomily out the window at the ground far below. The plane was passing high over Hartford; high over, thought Pennett, all the struggles and folly of mankind. And as he sat there, peering at the yards and roof-tops of the city below, he felt a new sensation creeping over him, one which he had never before experienced. The people on the ground were invisible, so tiny that from where he sat, Bennett could not pick out a single person. He suddenly felt, for the first time in his life, the vastness of the world, the inconceivable vastness of the universe, and the strange insignificance of the human beings who populate that universe. "What difference does it make," he thought, singling out a green-roofed house below on which to focus his attention, "if the man who lives in that house is blown to bits by a shell or a bomb? What difference does it make if millions of those little creatures go to war and kill and mutilate each other? What significance can I, or Hitler, or anyone else in the world, possibly have in the eyes of the Great One who created and who rules this universe? And would not the universe continue to be, and continue to function, and continue to be just as vast, if this whole thing that we call Earth completely disappeared?" These thoughts gave him a strange feeling of comfort, and he forgot the wor-

ries that had been playing upon his mind since early morning.

Several minutes after Hartford had passed below, the plane struck a fog bank, and further view of the earth was prevented until the descent at Newark. Bennett stepped out of the door without a glance at the stewardess, and strode swiftly through the cold, drizzling rain into the warm, dry station. Inside, all was confusion. Messengers were running frantically from place to place, arrivals and departures were being announced, passengers were asking questions of company employees, and all the usual noise and hubbub of a busy airport filled the atmosphere.

As he rode to New York in the giant limousine provided by the airlines, Bennett nervously repeated to himself his opening speech to the president of Coven and Company. He had to put over that deal.

In New York, newsboys were displaying papers with the headlines, "Hitler Rejects Plea." "Some one should shoot that man," thought Bennett. "He will destroy civilization." And as he entered the building which housed Coven and Company, he repeated his lines for the last time. He had to put over that deal.

The Mouse

BY R. BRADFORD MURPHY, '40

THE affair started in a quiet suburban post office about ten o'clock one morning. There was the usual crowd of women with dogs (or dogs with women); some were writing at the correspondence desks; others were standing in line, waiting for some determined housewife to be convinced that she could not send a letter to her friend in Tokyo for three cents. The guardian angel who stood watching over the scene was beaming officer Tom O'Leary, who had been in the service long enough to get flatter feet than the average policeman in the town.

Suddenly among the people there in the post office appeared a queer little man, who indeed had

entered so quickly that he seemed to have materialized from nothing. O'Leary was so surprised that he could not restrain himself from glancing unconsciously at the ceiling, half expecting to see some great gap there through which this man had made a descent. Then his eyes returned to the visage of the little stranger, and they stuck there like a compass needle to the north. His mouth fell open. Never in his life had he seen such a perfect resemblance between an animal and a human being. Here was a mouse if Thomas Patrick O'Leary had eyes to see. The creature was immaculately dressed in black, not a wrinkle or a spot anywhere. He had a high stiff collar that would have choked any normal man. His face was truly alarming. Behind the brim of a homburg hat two black eyes gleamed. The eyebrows met on the bridge of the nose, which, though thin and fine, projected straight out. Underneath it perked a small, stiff moustache. The man's chin receded so far that it gave him a horribly rodent-like appearance. He would have looked all right in a cartoon; he would have been something to laugh at. But to see such a man alive was almost more than the good policeman could bear.

"Highly suspicious," thought he.

He folded his arms, and his eyes flitted about the post office—a typical O'Leary habit when on the alert. The policeman saw the stranger glide quickly up to a stamp window and throw a jerky, nervous glance over his shoulder. When it seemed that he was sure no one was looking, he plunked something down when the clerk had his back turned, grabbed something else, stuffed it into his pocket, and glided smoothly out the door. To O'Leary, his exit was too fast to be natural. Having no warrant for his arrest, the officer pondered whether he should give chase or not. Suddenly he was distracted by a rapping from the stamp window. A clerk was pointing at the door through which the stranger had left.

"Bring that man back here!" he cried.

The policeman needed no second urging. He hurled his flabby two hundred and ten pounds out the door and after the culprit. He espied him walking calmly about a hundred feet ahead of him.

Shouting an imperious and terrifying "Stop where you are!" O'Leary lumbered down the street after his prey. The little man turned completely around, facing him with raised eyebrows and an oval mouth. Then, upon seeing this leviathan bearing down upon him, the victim suddenly turned comet and sped as fast as his legs could carry him down the street and into a dark alley. There he stood flat against the wall with heaving chest and thumping heart. Five minutes passed. Now sure that he had shaken off his pursuer, the stranger laughed, nodded his head jauntily, and stepped out on the sidewalk. Oh, horror of horrors! He had not even a chance to shriek before two fat, hairy hands grasped him firmly by the shoulders and whirled him around into the glaring face of Officer O'Leary.

Taking his prisoner by the collar as a teacher a recalcitrant school-child, the policeman marched the mouse back to the post office, while a few amazed pedestrians stood still as statues and gaped at the sight. The terrified little man weakly protested. Tom O'Leary smiled inwardly. Undoubtedly the honest policeman was the happiest he had been in years. He dragged the wretch back to the post office, setting the prisoner down right in front of the stamp window at which the clerk was standing. Holding his prize out in one hand and mopping his brow with the other, Officer O'Leary waited for the accusation. The clerk glanced summarily from dreamy eyes at captor and captured, put on a mechanical smile, extended his arm, and croaked, "You forgot your change, sir."



Exchanges

THE autumn harvest of exchanges has yielded quite a distinguished crop, ranging all the way from the jests of the Cornell *Widow* and Harvard *Lampoon* to the more scholarly publications of St. Paul's and Hotchkiss. In the latter, however, we find several exceedingly clever satires; one on Little Red Riding Hood, and another combining the efficiency of making change at the five and dime with some of the latest record releases, and entitled "Amazing... or, Dole's Pineapple Juice."

In several instances, the outbreak of a second World War has influenced short stories of a highly dramatic quality, and in another case, the Squallus tragedy provided a theme upon which were built two very touching tales.

The college and university publications, however, are more concerned with humor, and certain of the more reprintable extracts are to be found below.

Passing through Taunton, Mass., we noticed a sign in one of the local hairdressing establishments which read, "If your hair isn't becoming to you, you should be coming to us." —*The Widow*

Bachelor: "I once wooed a lass."

Married man: "I, too, once wooed, alas."

—*Exchange*

The turtle yearns for clumps of ferns
Deep sunk in lush fertility.
He will not stoop to swim in soup—
The bane of mock fertility.

—*The Widow*

"I told Anne that each hour spent with her is like a pearl to me."

"And what did she say?"

"She told me to stop stringing her."

—*Yale Record*

The radio station at Sayre,
Resorts to strange tricks on the air,
It gurgles and blurbs
As if laying some ergs
With quite a mechanical flair.

—*The Widow*

"Can I stick this wall paper on myself?"

"Yes, Madam, but it will look better on the wall."

—*The Widow*

A Little Birdie Told Me

JOE was snoring blissfully away, deep in the throes of the solid slumber that comes only to those who are free from worry and care. Joe was a peace-loving sort, going about his daily work with never a thought of malice toward his fellow man. He was an entirely normal chap, well liked by everyone and having no enemies. That is why this particular night was of special significance in Joe's life. For on this particular night a most unique and inexplicable series of events intruded themselves on the course of Joe's existence. It happened this way. Five o'clock in the morning (the hour when sleep is the sweetest) found Joe engaging King Somnus in a friendly crap game. By the contented smile on Joe's benign countenance it was evident that His Majesty was having an off day with the cubes. Suddenly it happened! One moment sublimity—the next found Joe, dazed and bleeding, flat on his back on the floor with his bed on top of him.



Pleased to Meet You

BY DONALD MARSHMAN, '41

GEORGE Harper met his own true love in the not-very romantic surroundings of a day coach on the Big Four at precisely seven minutes and fifty-three seconds after five o'clock on the afternoon of April fourteenth in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and thirty-nine. By the above statement, I do not wish to give the impression that it was the first time he saw her or even that it was the first time that her presence became known to him. George Harper had been aware of the presence of his true love, painfully aware of it, ever since about ten-seventeen o'clock on the same morning which same time was four and a half minutes after the Big Four had pulled out of Cincinnati, only twelve minutes after the advertised hour of departure.

Of course, George was not cognizant of the fact that she was his own true love. If, during the course of the ensuing journey, someone had drawn his attention to the girl across the aisle, he would have said, "Nice looking babe," or something, concealing his private opinion that she was a "queen," a "killer," and, to put it more grammatically, one of the most beautiful girls he had ever seen. All the afternoon, George had vainly been trying to get acquainted. He had coughed until the surrounding passengers had begun to suspect that there was a tubercular in their midst; he had rustled his newspaper until it had begun to exhibit signs of decay; he had cast sidelong glances across the aisle until eyes strained from their sockets. And all for naught. She had not given a sign that she knew of his existence. He had even waited until half-past one, two hours after his regular lunching hour, in order to follow her to the dining car. However, he had felt subconsciously that it would be degrading himself to follow her too closely and had put on such a display of yawning and muttering of "Well, I

guess I'll go eat" in order to convey the impression that he was going to lunch merely with the eye to prolonging his existence and keeping up his strength by filling his stomach with undesired food (all this to a completely indifferent audience), that he had not been close enough behind to get to know her by the traditional method of holding the door open, and had, in fact, arrived at the portals of the colored cuisinery only after she had seated herself and given the menu a preliminary perusal. In the car two seats remained, one at the girl's table, and one further down the car, with two clients to fill them. However, the churlish headwaiter had shown the other diner to the seat of honor and had left George out in the cold.

After sitting down, George had ordered precisely the same repast he had seen his own true love order, thinking, again subconsciously, that in this way they would somehow be drawn closer together, since the latest additions to their bodies would be composed of relatively the same material.

Due to his lateness of arrival, George was approximately one course behind his own true love, and, on a snap judgment, had been forced to choose between following her back to the day coach and a chocolate sundae. George had chosen the sundae. If questioned, he would have replied by saying that he had wanted to smoke an "after-luncheon cigarette." Really, he wanted to think and to map out a plan of action (he also wanted to get his "money's-worth" out of a meal the price of which he considered exorbitant in the extreme). So he stayed.

All in all, he considered that he had done a good morning's work. He had practically eaten with the girl (only two tables away); by his elaborate exit he had thrown the surrounding passengers off the track, and he felt definitely that a for-

ward step had been taken. The only thing was this: not to let anybody notice his actions, for, like all people who do something out of the ordinary, George had the inhibition that his actions were being observed and understood by everybody. But above all, he *must* meet that girl. Thus resolved, George snuffed out his cigarette and strode back to the day coach.

Once there, he resumed the cough, sidelong glance maneuvers with no better results than before. He noticed her hat ("nice—that's a cute feather. That's the kind of a hat I like. It's not silly and pointless like the rest of them.") For some reason, George thought a hat should have a point to it. He noticed her shoes, stockings, and drew satisfying conclusions. ("Gee, she's a pretty girl.") He noticed her coat, her knitting, her hair; he attempted to notice her eyes, but since they were downcast most of the time, he found this difficult. His course was failing, for it was after five and the train pulled into the LaSalle Street Station at Chicago shortly before six.

Then George noticed that she had reached into her purse for something. It was a handkerchief. She lifted it to her nose, but before linen and nostrils met, something happened—clumsily, almost deliberately, she dropped it; in later years, in moments of marital stress, George sometimes believed that it *was* deliberate, but not so now. With a single lunge he covered the five feet between himself and the handkerchief and carefully, almost reverently, lifted it the seven inches to her waiting hand.

"Oh, thank you very much," she said.

"Oh, that's all right."

"It was awf'ly dumb of me to drop it."

"Oh, no it wasn't."

"Well, thank you very much anyway."

"Oh, that's all right."

She laughed politely; it seemed as though the interview was over. George tried to keep the conversation afloat.

"I often drop things myself," he stated.

"I know. I guess everybody does."

Pause.

"Are you going to Chicago?"

"Yes, I am. It's the last stop; I guess we have to get off."

"Yes, I guess we do."

This time they both laughed.

"Well," said George, not moving, "I guess I'll have to be getting back."

"Oh, that's all right."

There was silence while George looked out of the window and his own true love picked at an imaginary spot on her dress. Finally George tried again.

"Do you live in Chicago?"

"Yes, I do, on the South Side. Do you?"

"What?"

"Live in Chicago."

"No, I don't. I live in Cincinnati."

"Oh, do you? That's where I got on the train. I've been visiting my aunt."

"Maybe I know her. What's her name?"

"Jamieson. Mrs. Harry Jamieson. Do you know her?"

"Yes, I think I do," lied George, hoping to keep things going.

"Maybe you know her through my cousin, Mildred Jamieson."

"Yes, I think I know a Mildred Jamieson. Is she tall and dark like you?" George hoped that this girl's characteristics extended far enough to include her cousin.

"No, she's dumpy and she's got red hair."

"Well, I guess maybe I don't know her. Isn't it funny how you confuse people?"

"Yes, it certainly is."

That finished up the Jamieson episode.

"How come you're going to Chicago?"

"Me? Oh, I've a job with Swift's. You know—Swift's ham."

"Oh, sure. Well, isn't that nice? Where are you planning to stay?"

"At the Y. M. C. A."

"Do you know many people in Chicago?"

"No, I don't know anybody."

"Well, if you don't think I'm being presumptuous, you know somebody now."

"Thanks. Well, the train's just pulling in. I guess we gotta get off. Here, can I take your grip?"

"Oh, thank you."

"Oh, that's all right."

They walked slowly through the station. George asked a question.

"Want a soda?"

"No, thanks. I gotta take the 'el' right home."

George took her to the "el." Before she left, he asked:

"I really would like to come and see you or call you up, or something. Just in case, what's your address?"

"141 East Maple Street. Well, here's the 'el' now. Goodbye, and thanks again for everything."

"Oh, that's all right."

* * * *

Two nights later, George ascended the steps of a small frame house on the South Side and glanced up at the numerals 141 as he rang the bell. An elderly lady of color answered his ring and said, in a very suspicious way, one word. The word was "Yes?"

Few people are able to cope with a person who addresses him with a challenging monosyllable. George was not one of them.

"Huh?" he bleated.

"I say, whut you want?" replied the woman of color.

"Uh, is Miss Washburne at home?"

"Yes, she is. Whut you want with her?"

"Uh, well, will you give her my card? I've got one here somewhere." He searched around in an imitation ostrich-skin wallet and handed the woman of color a small card which had printed on it in large letters this legend: "Swift & Company." And in smaller letters: "Personnel Division." And in minute blots: "George T. Harper."

"I'll give it to her," said the woman of color, and left, shutting the door in George's face. A few minutes later it was slowly opened.

"Hello."

"Hello," said George.

"I certainly am surprised to see you."

"No!"

"Well, let's sit down and you can tell me how you got here."

They seated themselves on the porch swing.

"Well, anyway I got here," he said, summing it up. "Do you want to go to a movie, or something?"

They talked for a while, mostly about nothing. Finally, George, remembering his maternal admonitions of never to outstay his welcome, got up to depart.

"Well, I'll call ya up tomorrow morning. Say about seven-thirty?"

"Well, that's a little early. You better make it about nine."

"O. K."

There was a moment of silence. Once again George broke it.

"I hope you won't think I'm the wrong kind of fellow," he said, "but I want to ask you a question."

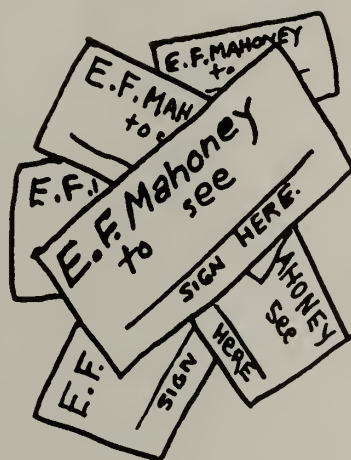
"What is it?"

"Do you mind if I kiss you goodnight?"

"I don't mind if you don't mind."

George was generous.

"Oh, I don't mind," he said.



"Calling at
Abbot"

A Fair Day

(Continued from Page 10)

matter of fact, it quite overshadowed the rest of the film by being the only shot to return recognizable from the disgustingly incompetent developer.) Anyway, we trotted down the Ramp, recoiled in horror at the Plaster of Paris monstrosities adorning the pond on which floated the Perisphere, and meandered into the Hall of Man. There we soaked up info on how we work, tested our strength, learned all about maternity and the care of infants, and saw what nice little bugs were floating around waiting to strike us down at a moment's notice. Having had enough of that, we perused the Railroads Building, and after the performance went through every car in the yards, by now being completely saturated with the spirit of morbid, pointless curiosity of the crowd. We sickened at the sight of the bloodthirsty mob howling about General Motors, gazed upward in rapt amazement as the Petroleum Company dug us a well, and darned near died of fright as General Electric blew our ears out firing bolts of lightning around Steinmetz Hall.

Afternoon was melting into evening as we drew up alongside one of Mr. Child's many chophouses and ordered our dinner. As lights came on and darkness set in, we followed the crowd to the Amusement Area. There was the Fair in all its glory. Milling thousands, exploding fireworks, screaming barkers, honking horns (those doggone "sidewalks of New York" bleatings), and all sorts of other weird noises. There we found some fellow yelling about Cliff Dwellers, a fool mountain of monkeys, all sorts of freaks, and blaring music from everywhere. Confusion was no word for it, but what a contagious atmosphere! We saw a girl frozen in ice, shot clay ducks, gazed approvingly at some animated magazine covers which we wished we could see on magazines, made a parachute jump, got royally stung with a souvenir turtle in the Cuban Village (a nice little green one with World's Fair insignia stamped on his back),

and ended up strolling aimlessly up and down the Midway doing nothing and enjoying ourselves to the uttermost in the spirit of the occasion.

Along about sometime our feet said most definitely, "Go home!" so, since we had been following our feet all day, we concurred. I added a little amendment to the resolution by unconditionally insisting on the vehicles of the Long Island Railroad as our means of transportation. Somehow or other we found our way back to the gate, slunk past that perfume box, and slid into one of the spring-straw seats guaranteed to get us safely to New York in the short space of ten minutes for the slight sum of one dime.

The Mighty Margus

(Continued from Page 14)

paign another success. Emanuel Margus sighed a long, deep sigh in sheer happiness.

* * * * *

The plane swooped down and rolled to a stop at Newark airport. The first person to clamber out was Emanuel Margus, President of the Mighty Margus Vacuum Cleaner Corporation of America, whose mind still happily pondered his prospects for the future. As he walked toward the taxicabs, he knew that he had launched the mightiest sales campaign ever known in the history of the mighty Margus Corporation. Yes, if he kept this up, there would be a Mighty Margus, or at least a Margus Midget (price \$29.95), in every home in the country. Margus sighed again.



I Remember Rankoora

(Continued from Page 7)

by the scene, I watched the rows and rows of Rankoora natives sitting on their haunches clapping time to the throbbing of the tom-toms and spellbound by the antics of the ancient and naked high-priest before a great fetish of stone. The weird movement of the witch doctor and the undermining rhythm of the drums brought forth on me a sweat of apprehension and fear that was soon to be realized. The maddening tempo had augmented the excitement of the participants who, quivering from the top of a benumbed brain to the bottom of a tramping foot were screaming in the ecstasy of their ceremonial orgy. I, too, felt the tortured urge to dance and shriek, but to move meant death. I tensed my straining nerves and stood, writhing, yet strangely enchanted by the glistening bodies. At the height of a quivering convulsion all sound and movement ceased, and a young woman in a silvery robe was led forth to stand before the great idol. The wizened priest stepped forth and laid the straight, white-clad figure upon the smooth surface of stone. The seething group surrounded the altar and mercifully obstructed a bestial scene from my terrified gaze. A liquid gasp and the fiendish screams of the natives told me I had witnessed a human sacrifice.

Revolted almost to unconsciousness, I tore my burning eyes from the clearing and raced blindly back toward the village, stumbling over the soft moss and ferns of that satanic jungle. I spent the remainder of that night whimpering like a madman, awaiting the morning in order to return to the ship. On the voyage home I was said to pace the decks with dilated pupils, mumbling incoherent phrases and speaking to no one.

And now in the armchair of my study I feel once again grating chills in remembering the most horrible experience of my life; the experience on the island paradise of Rankoora in the South Sea.

We Have One Foe

(Continued from Page 15)

always had, and these few days were more happiness than they had ever realized.

Their happiness was soon shattered. Five days after Friedrich returned to Germany, he began military training, and in three weeks was a full fledged member of the German air force. A few weeks later, he was assigned to active duty in Poland. Friedrich's parents were so proud of him now, but Friedrich himself was not so proud. In fact he was ashamed to have any part in the raids on Poland. There was, however, nothing he could do, and so, with conflicting emotions, he went over the line for his first active flight. It was a nightmare. He was assigned to attacking and had to bomb and strafe the enemy. He would have kept the bombs in their racks and the bullets in the guns if he had not been afraid of the consequences to himself. As it was, he saw peasants fall down like blades of grass before the spray of his guns. And then he had seen two of his comrades, trapped in a spinning plane, burn to death before they could escape. These were the experiences of his first flight over Poland.

When Friedrich returned to the field, he learned that the English had declared war on Germany. For the first time in his life, Friedrich felt utterly hopeless. He now realized how shameful this war was, and for the second time in the past year, tears came to his eyes, tears of frustration, that he was powerless to do anything to stop this foolish hatred between his country and that of his friends, the English.

Early the next morning, Friedrich went on a dawn raid over Poland. The following evening, Friedrich's parents received a letter from the German war office, stating briefly that he had been lost while engaged in active combat on the previous day. And at the end of the message, as if added to give encouragement to the grief-stricken parents, was the concise, remindful quotation:

"We have one foe, and one alone—
England!"

Homines Bellum Gerent

(Continued from Page 17)

What are you doing here?

White: I am going to trade with Black:
My friend.

Red: Your friend? Ha, ha!

Do you mean to tell me that you

Will trade with him?

You know nothing of him.

How can you trust him?

White: I just do!

We shook hands, and were friends.

Red: What do you think

He has in that box he brings you?

He may have a bomb,

That will blow you up,

When you go home with it!

Can you deny it?

White: No, . . . but he . . .

Red: You walk freely on his soil . . .

He may have mines planted there!

White: He would not do that!

Red: Ah, but you don't know him.

Look at the vile color of his skin.

It is black: a vile color.

White: Do you think so?

Red: I know! You must hate him for it.

He brings a bomb in his box for you.

White: The dog!

Red: That's right. Hate him for it.

White: He dared to call himself my friend!

Red: He wants to kill you!

White: The traitor!

Red: You must stop him

By killing him first.

White: He deserves no more,

But how shall I do it?

Red: Here. (He hands him a pistol from under
his cloak.)

White: I shall hide, and lay in wait for him.

Red: Good!

(White goes out in his wings. He has left his
box behind, into which Red quickly slips some-
thing, as Black appears with his box.)

Black: Where is White?

And who are you?

Red: Never mind, who I am.

I have come to warn you.

Black: About what?

Red: About White!

Black: Ah! White; what of him?

Red: He is a traitor.

Black: (Menacingly) No one

Can say that about my friend.

Red: But it is true.

Look at this box he left.

Put your ear to it.

What do you hear?

Black: A clock ticking.

What of that?

Red: It is a time-bomb,

To blow you up.

Black: I can't believe it!

Red: And he is plotting against you,

To shoot you if this doesn't work.

Black: No.

Red: He has placed his box as a decoy,

So he can steal yours,

When you're dead.

Black: The base dog!

Yet I don't believe you . . . (hesitant)

(At that moment White comes in with his re-
volver.)

Red: What did I tell you,

Look at his gun!

Take this one quickly,

To protect yourself.

Black: Thank you!

You've saved my life . . .

(Red jumps out of the way, as both say: "Ah,
that's for you, traitor!" and shoot each other dead.
Red looks at his accomplishment; then turns
away; picks up both boxes. Out of White's he
takes an alarm clock, which he places on the
ground somewhere near the bodies. Then with his
loot he walks up the stairs to his pedestal, where
he stands in his glory. The clock strikes up a
chime. Then all is quiet as the light fades away
from the scene.)

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Editorial

We at Andover have had quite a term. One of the heaviest winters in recent years has snowed us in under fourteen or so inches of powdered stuff which beautified the campus over a simply super-super Prom week-end, and then proceeded to melt away while we slopped through slush to the hubs for three weeks. Our Prom was a great success as attested by one hundred and fifty charming young couples plus some twenty or thirty parasitic *loups* who attended in all their treachery. We have had various experiences (some of us) of a more or less *lasting* character from time to time—successes and reverses under the Blue Clock, doing and dying on the field of honor in Borden, Case, and Graves, and in odd and assorted other fields of activity both at home and abroad, too numerous for comment here.

We have almost always conducted ourselves honorably, but we have made our mistakes as mortals will.

However, we have picked up notably in literary and journalistic interest and accomplishment. The Seniors have turned out an abundance of reading matter which is quite musical to the ears and eyes of us *Mirror* guys. The Uppers have not as yet shown much of anything, but the Loweres have really come to life. An enthusiastic group of embryonic authors has flooded the office with material some of which is quite, quite all right. This betokens well for the future of the illustrious publication. The Junior class as well has tried its hand at the art and in a few cases has come crashing through. We love it, so keep it up.

Madame Tussaud

By JOHN SHERRARD BRITAIN, '40

TUSSAUD'S WAX MUSEUM is probably known the world around. Located on Baker Street in London, it has become one of the sights of that city, attracting both the historian and the artist with its displays of models of notables of today and days gone by. Reproductions of our present chief executive, and of others before him, of such personalities as Haile Selassie, Joan of Arc, Stalin, and Hitler appear in unbelievably realistic representation; in fact, so lifelike are these waxworks that many amusing incidents have occurred as a result. To test the people's susceptibility of mistaking the wax figures for living beings, there has been placed on one of the benches in the lobby an old lady who apparently is sleeping. Great is the mortification of the person who goes to her and, picking up her paper which has fallen to the floor, attempts to rouse her in order to return it, only to find that the woman is composed of wax. But what can work one way can also work the other. One of the ushers reaps much delight in assuming a pose comparable to that of an artificial figure. He has to wait no longer than a minute or so before one of the patrons begins to finger and examine him. When suddenly he moves, the guest utters a shriek and then bursts into laughter. I myself have seen this happen several times. But what of the woman who has made possible the modelling of figures so life-like? Although many may praise the wax museum, few know who Madame Tussaud, its founder, was.

About the year 1762 there appeared in Paris a certain skillful modeller in wax named John Curtius. There his skill speedily won him success, and his studio in the Hotel d'Aligre soon became the meeting place of all the persons distinguished in both the fashionable and the intellectual circles of the French capital. Voltaire, Diderot, Jean-

Jacques Rousseau, Mirabeau, and Benjamin Franklin were often seen there. Studying under Curtius at the time was his niece, Marie Gresholtz, who was to become the famous Madame Tussaud. So deft was she at the art of modelling that she outdid her teacher. "There was witchery," says one writer, "in the tips of her supple fingers. It was as if the spirit of the old Court painters had touched her, and endowed her with the grace of Lancret, and the pensive mind of Watteau."

Modelling in wax became the fad at court, and at the request of Madame Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI, Marie moved to Versailles, where she taught the ladies the art. For nine years she was surrounded by the luxuries of court life, and there made the acquaintance of many members of the aristocracy, who afterwards were to be the cause of much grief to Marie. Meanwhile, Monsieur Curtius, in addition to a gallery in the Palais Royal, where he exhibited portraits of illustrious personages, opened another on the Boulevard du Temple, which he called "Caverne des Grands Voleurs," and which was the original of the today-famous "Chamber of Horrors."

But signs of the coming revolution which began to become more frequent every day caused Curtius to worry over the safety of his niece there among the aristocracy which was being denounced louder and louder by the people, so he called her home. When the revolution finally did come, Curtius was immediately besieged by the masses who demanded models of their heroes. With these before them the people went marching down the streets of Paris. Then came the days of the Reign of Terror, and Curtius and his niece were compelled to make models of another sort. The people wanted reproductions of its victims, and who could do this better than the skillful Marie Gresholtz? Thus it was that she was forced to model persons

The Stranger

BY WILLIAM M. ENNIS, JR., '40

THE 10:10 out of Grand Central Station for Poughkeepsie and "points west" was a typical commuters' train. Mr. J. Hartley Heyworth was a typical commuter, and he looked very weary indeed as he slumped into the nearest seat and mechanically tried to open the window which was always kept locked. Despairing of this he extracted a copy of the *Times* and opened it to the Wall Street quotations of the day. Now there is hardly anything unusual about this scene; in fact, any bystander would forget the whole thing after feeling a tinge of pity for the robot-like existence led by the rather bedraggled-looking group of commuters who were now rapidly filling the seats. It was easy to make friends on the train, for ordinarily all you had to do was sit down beside some man and mumble, "Helluva day for the market, wasn't it?" Then you would talk about business, hobbies, sports and the like until a conductor abruptly cut the conversation by announcing your station in that same droning voice. Furthermore, it wasn't at all unusual to pick up the conversation where you left off, with the same person the next morning. But when a certain man entered the car and noiselessly sat down beside him, Mr. J. Hartley Heyworth sensed something very unusual in the atmosphere; he felt a vague uneasiness which was very much out of the ordinary.

He then glanced casually at his companion and found himself staring into two piercing eyes, ice-blue in color, which seemed to bore right through him. J. Hartley was too tired to be visibly disturbed, and so, after muttering a half-hearted greeting, he wearily picked up the paper again. But the stranger evidently wanted to converse and asked him if he ever traveled much. Ordinarily he would have been rather cross if someone had tried to force him into conversation, but the countryside brightened him up again, and after a while he even for-

got that Amalgamated Metals was at 108, and told the stranger about the trip he and his wife had taken to the Bahamas the year before.

"Ho, ho," responded his companion with a broad Scandinavian accent, "I meant abroad."

"Ho, ho," thought J. Hartley, "that's what I thought you meant," but he said: "You're a Scandinavian—Swedish perhaps?"

It appeared he was Norwegian, and it wasn't long before he was disclosing the adventures of his childhood, the pleasures of skiing, and the beauty of the Norwegian national parks.

Suddenly his face clouded.

"Perhaps you would like to hear an old legend of Norway...but I suppose not; it's rather fantastic."

However, at J. Hartley's insistence the stranger began his tale.

It seems that some years ago there existed in Norway the thriving little community of Velsegn, located on a wild and rockbound stretch of beach in southwest Norway. It was hemmed in on the land side by acres of dark thick forest. At the time it was rumored that a werewolf inhabited these dismal regions, but the story was scoffed at until one morning after a wild and stormy night, the mangled and clawed body of a young boy was found in a snow-drift. Well, quite regularly for two years after this occurrence the torn corpses of young children were found in various places on the outskirts of the town. By "regularly" the stranger meant the deaths occurred only when there was a full moon. At these periods, when the moon was on high, the people barricaded their doors and windows and spoke in whispers, but it was futile; someone always died in the night. At one of these periods while the populace of the town awaited in apprehension, there were cries and shots heard in

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The First Civil War

BY WILLIAM P. ARNOLD, JR., '40

(ED. NOTE: *We're so sorry, Mr. Milton.*)

THE noise of battle echoed and re-echoed back across Eternity, and the clash of arms shook the very Firmament on high. The foundation of Heaven itself trembled under the violence of the mighty conflict raging above. The forces of Satan were rebelling against the power of the Lord. For days and days the titanic struggle had been going on, with first one side and then the other prevailing, but now it seemed that at last the might of the Lord was about to overcome its foes and end the strife.

Satan was valiantly fighting at the head of his army, swinging a mighty blade and shouting to his followers, "C'mon boys, give it to 'em! Show 'em we'all done still got sumpin' lef! Dey ain't got us licked yit! Folla me, men. Ah'll lead yo' through t' triumph and glory! Strike down dese no-count angels hyar! We'll git to de Lawd and den chuck him 'n all his kin outo Hebbin, an' Ah'll be de soo-preme rulah o' dis yere place." But it was no use. The overpowering strength of God was too much for the ambitious rebel Satan, and slowly but surely he and his army were driven backward towards the walls of Heaven. Suddenly part of the walls collapsed with a terrible roar, and the army of the Fiend plunged into space. "Look out!" shouted Satan as the walls split. "We is goin' ovah! Ebery man fo' hisself!" Then as he teetered on the edge, he turned back toward the victorious band of God's angels. "Jest wait, Lawd. Yo' got us licked now, but we'll be back, Lawd. We'll git even with yo' f' dis! We'll be back!" Then a deafening crash of thunder and plummeting bolts of lightning drowned out the defiant angel's threats, and he and his horde disappeared over the Edge.

Out of the light of Heaven into the blackness of Chaos plunged the vast multitude. For nine days they were to drop through nothingness. Old Satan had nothing to say as he fell. He just sat with his

head on his hands and thought and planned on how to get back at the Lord. He fell all by himself. Everybody, out of respect and sympathy, left him alone in his brooding. But after the first day the other warriors began to get a little more sociable. Dagon, dropping along off to one side of the main body, saw Mammon and called over to him, "Hey dere, Mammon! Kick yo'self ovah hyar fo' a while. Ah'm gittin' a li'l lonesome." Mammon obliged, and the two were soon engaged in earnest conversation. "How long d' yo'all s'pose we is goin' t' drop?" said ol' Dagon.

"Ah dunno," replied Mammon. "Prob'ly till we hits bottom somewheres."

"Sho' hope it am sof' wheahevah it is," breathed Dagon. "Would hate sumpin' awful t' bring up 'gainst de Rock o' de Ages."

"Wouldn't be much lef o' yo' even ef y'are imoahtal," ventured Mammon. "Man, ah wish ah was back in Hebbin'! Don' look now as if ah *evah* goin' t'see dem golden streets agin."

In another section of the descending army Moloch and Osiris had got together by some stroke of chance and were engaging each other in a heated argument as to who had done the best fighting against the defenders of Heaven. "Ah is de man o' vilence in dis yere ahmy," maintained Moloch. "Dey ain't nobody can match me fo' mah strength. Ah lit'ly mowed dem angels down. Twarn't no fault o' mine we got beat, and lemme tell you, 'Siris, some day we'all gonna git back up on Hebbin', and when we do, you jest watch mah smoke. Ah'll make dem angels hop fo' fair! All dis small fry Satan done got him now don' do no good. Few mo' like me is whut he want."

So it went on for eight more days, and finally, on the dawn of the ninth, Satan was aroused from his meditation by the approaching end of the fall. "Ah swar ah smell smoke," he thought, "sulphur

smoke at dat. We'se comin' t' sumpin' all right." Soon blasts of heat began to strike the tumbling thousands, and finally a boundless sea of flame came into view—awe-inspiring and terrible.

"Oh, oh!" gasped Dagon, overcome by the sight. "Don' know but whut ah'd druther hit de Rock o' de Ages dan land in dat pot."

"Ain't got much choice right now," jibed Mammon.

"Lemme git dis ahmah offa me!" panted Moloch. "Be cussed ef ah want t' git sunk in all dat fiah."

"Hole youah noses, brothahs!" shouted Satan to the legions. "Hyar we go!" With a resounding roar and indescribable confusion and bedlam the host plunged into the flaming sea.

* * * * *

Satan was the first to arouse himself after the shock of the plunge had worn off. He cocked himself up on his elbow and shook his head. "Man, oh man!" he exclaimed. "It sho' am hot! Golly, it's hot! Mah goodness, will yo' look at dat!" He blinked his eyes and gazed dazedly at the spectacle of his army splattered in shapeless confusion all around him. "Ah nevah seen sech a mess. All mah men—good, strong angels befo'—jest a lot o' broken-up black boys now. All of 'em jest lyin' hyar fryin'. Ah got t' do sumpin' 'bout dat. Ah got t' save 'em somehow." He paused, and gazed around contemplatively. Then with a start, "Well, doggone, look who'all driftin' 'long side o' me hyar! Ef it ain't ole Beelzebub. Hey, dere, Beelzebub, wake up! C'mon boy, shake yo'sef out of it. Git some life in yo' no-good carcass. Yo'all jest cain't set dere an' frizzle." Finally, Beelzebub bestirred himself, and the two took counsel together. "How do yo'all feel, mah chief lieutenant?" asked Satan. "Hope yo' don' feel like yo' looks."

"Ah feels strong, and ah feels willin', Satan, but we is licked; we is through. De Lawd has kicked us out, an' he ain't gwine t' let us slip out fum undah his heel now he got us down. We is gwine t' wuk fo' him down hyar; we is gwine t' wuk fo' him fo'evah hyar in Hell."

"Hush yo' mouf," replied the leader. "Don' yo' know dat we is nevah licked, dat we got t' git back at de Lawd somehow. Yo'all give up too easy, Beelzebub. Ah'm right 'shamed o' yo'. Now de only way ah kin think of t' git back at de Lawd is always t' do evil. He'all done try t' git good out o' makin' us an example to de rest o' his people, and we got t' keep him fum doin' dis by puttin' evil inta all o' his good. He gwine t' git plenty hot undah de collah when he finds out all he gits outa his good is evil. Well, c'mon, Beelzebub, les us git out dis ef we kin. No sense in settin' hyar burnin'." They both rose from the waves, spread their wings, and sailed majestically to the land.

"Well, hyar we is," said Satan, when they had alighted. "Look around, Beelzebub. 'Tain't much, but whut it is is oun. Druther be king down hyar dan bow down to de Lawd up in Hebbin. Yes, sir, ain't nobody livin' what Satan gwine t' heel to. Guess ah bettah think 'bout gittin' dem black boys o' mine outa dat dere ocean afore sumpin' happen to 'em. Sakes alive, will yo' look at dat sight! All mah ahmy all busted up an' layin' round out dere like so many sticks. Look out o' mah way, Beelzebub. Ah gwine t' call 'em up. Hey you, chillun, c'mon up outa dere! 'Tain't no time fo' yo'all t' be floatin' 'round hyar burnin'! Wegotwukt'do. Gitup, you fightahs! Don' tell me yo' is gwine t' quit right now! Ef yo'all float 'round much longah, de Lawd gwine send down some lightnin' 'n stuff, an' yo' gwine t' find yo'seves on de bottom o' dis wahtah 'stead o' up on top. An yo'all be sunk fo' keeps, too. Come t' me, chillun, rise up!"

Like a conquering horde they rose up, and, obedient to the word of their leader, they came onto the land with all their arms and battle raiment to draw up in a magnificent mass before him. Satan looked them over—tremendously moved at the loyalty and obedience they showed to him even after he had led them to defeat and banishment from heavenly bliss. "Yo'all sho' lookin' mighty good t' me," he said to them. "Yer all hyar, ah kin see. Boys, ah is sorry ah done brought yo' t' dis, but

(Continued on Page 35)

And That's Slife

By C. B. JELLINGHAUS, '40

I SEEN y' lookin' at me, kid; y' think it's funny. O. K. kid, I'm drunk, see? But that ain't all, y'unnerstan'? I got a story to tell, kid; I *am* a story, y' might say, see? 'Tain't everbody I talk to this way, y'unnerstan', but I'm a story; y' haven't heard this one before, y'unnerstan', see?

I bin in the looney house two years, kid. I'm nuts, y' know what I mean? I drink, y' unnerstan'? I had dough—gold, 'n plenny, y' unnerstan', see? So I drank some of it, y' might say. But I got a sister, kid. She wants my coin, and she aims to get it, y' unnerstan'?

Yeah, don' min'—Scotch.

I loved a gal oncet, but it busted up an' I hit the bottle, y' know what I mean, kid? An' I drink an'

act funny—done it f' years now—an' it starts gettin' me, y' unnerstan', see? So, my sister, she sees a chanct t' get my dough, y' unnerstan', an' she tells a lotta people I'm nuts, an' she gets docs after me, see? They puts me in a psycho—somepin' ward in a big place down to the city, an' I get sore about that an' act up, y' unnerstan', see? They think I'm pretty bad off, an' they send me to the looney house, an' I act up some more, see? They send me away, an' my sister fixes to get m' dough, y' unnerstan'.

Thanks, kid—whiskey.

I get outta the nut house las' night, kid, an' they gimme fi' bucks. My sister ain't got no coin a
(Continued on Page 34)

News Item: Phillips Academy Glee Club dances twice with Rogers Hall

—the first dance came in 1939, which was *NOT* a Leapyear — technically



Andover 'man' chasing Rogers HALL GIRL until she catches him—

Moberly took the redhead—
Sort of Like
Little Orphan
Annie and Ratt
Butler—



Yo' sho' nuff
AM putty!

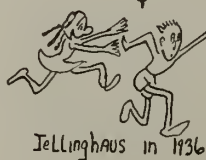
LEAPIN' LIZARDS, but
YOU GOT A LINE!

Jellinghaus didn't go to the return dances,



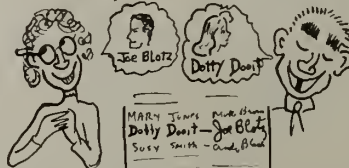
He remembered
LAST LEAP
Year

The Girls searched
everywhere for
him—



Jellinghaus in 1936

As always, there were blind dates



—AND ASSORTED SIZES AND SHAPES



Fitted
by
Bemis

Profuse Apologies to DAHL

Gid "Leetla Joe" Upton did NOT
wear a wasp waist — he eats at
the Cafe
Les Biennee
a La Frazier
— et tu, Miller



—And Attributes his slinness
to a diet of individual
Chicken pie and blanc mange

—The Rogers HALL "Line" WAS busy
AND held our "PASSING" ATTACK
SCORELESS—



Needless to say, I hardly need add
that ANY SIMILARITY to actual persons
is, of course, coincidental—NATURALLY
Sally Peterson

A Treatise On Wall Paper

BY PETER HATCH, '40

I HAVE always felt sorry for the man who once long ago used to purchase the wall paper for Phillips Academy. I feel sure he is no longer living, because the wall paper is so *very* ancient, but one can easily imagine what he was like. His wall paper seems to stand in commemoration of his sterling character. True, he must have been a trifle color-blind, but I feel certain he tried to do his best in his own small way. I like to picture him as a little, meek man who had always been told what to do and how, when, and where (but never why) he should do it. He had been bullied by his parents, his wife and even by his employers, the flawless Phillips Academy. And, humble as he was, he had never objected. He continued to go around obeying orders with that wistful and apologetic expression in his eyes. Sometimes his lip would tremble a little when a particularly harsh command was hurled at him, but he would swallow hard and then diligently carry out his assigned job to perfection.

But one day Mr. G—(for fate has decreed that he shall be nameless) rebelled. He summoned up his nerve, went off to Boston, and got rip-roaring drunk, despite his parents, his wife, and his flawless employers. That was the day he purchased the Phillips Academy wall paper.

Of course he got fired and shortly after died in disgrace, but to this day the scrambled-egg yellow, the pea-soup green, and the stewed-onion grey used so lavishly on the wall paper of his choice, stand in memory of his one day of courage.

I think, given due recognition, Mr. G— would easily win the title, "The Man Who Has Influenced Phillips Academy the Most." For has not this wall paper distracted literally thousands of boys from their studies with the weird, hypnotic influence it seems to hold? It is this very wall paper which has proved the mental strength of Andover students

time and time again, for had they been weak-willed, it would have caused many of them to suffer nervous breakdowns. Even today an occasional student must be taken off screaming to some institution, where the effect of the wall paper usually will wear off after a few years.

Those students who are blessed by the opportunity of living in that veritable palace, Paul Revere Hall, where the wall paper was obviously chosen scientifically by a picked group of Art School graduates, have never fallen under the spell of this ghastly, but somehow fascinating, wall paper. Maybe this explains the reason why Paul Revere boys are always healthy and normal, while people coming from such halls as Day, Bartlet, and Foxcroft have generally been regarded as slightly queer.

However, those innocent boys from Paul Revere have not as yet really tasted of life. They have never felt the trance which Mr. G—'s wall paper has the power of weaving. Day Hall boys, who have calmly sat down to do a French lesson before it, have glanced at it and suddenly aspired to become surrealist artists. Others have felt its spell and have run away to join the Foreign Legion. Even the least emotional person, upon looking at it, seems to be able to hear the throbbing of primitive drums and to smell the burning of incense.

Therefore, this essay shall herewith be dedicated as a tribute to courageous little Mr. G—, who drank the dregs of life at its bitterest. Let the hallowed walls of Andover crumble with age before his contribution to the school shall be destroyed! But let us also hope that, until that day comes, not too many Andover students shall be driven to insanity.



Patrol

BY WILLIAM K. GRAW, 2D, '40

"YOU men know your instructions," the sergeant's voice rang hollowly in the casemate and echoed back into the dim recesses of the steel and concrete, underground galleries. The speaker continued, "You're to go out tonight to observe enemy machine gun placements and advance pill-boxes. You'll start now and be back before dawn—otherwise you'll have to spend the whole day out there in a shell hole. There's a light fog and the moon isn't too bright; so that will help hide you. Are there any questions?"

The speaker's eyes gazed attentively and searchingly at the three men standing before him. There was Jean Gaillard, an old soldier and a good one, cool-headed and nervy. He was what people call a brave man. He was a veteran of the first World War and had received the Croix de Guerre. His black-bearded face and stiff, martial figure had a yellowish tinge from the single electric bulb that lit the bare room.

Next to him stood René, a short, stocky fellow, a student of the Sorbonne. He was a merry one, thought the sergeant. He was more or less the wit of his company, and his roguish, black eyes and impish face were never serious or showed signs of care.

The third was François. He was an awkward, shy, farmer's boy from southern France—around Bordeaux. He stood now clumsily at attention looking pitifully comic in his too-big recruit's uniform as if confused and a little frightened by all this strife and fighting of which he was now a part.

Receiving no answer to his question, the sergeant bade his men a curt good luck on their mission, dismissed them, and told them to go out as soon as possible.

* * * *

Fifteen minutes later the little group assembled on the parapet and gazed over the dull, greyish ex-

pause that separated them from the German lines. At this hour No Man's land was a dreary place. It was a land of utter chaos—covered with barbed wire and pitted by muddy shell holes and stumps of trees and forests! Here and there were charred ruins of cottages with the rafters of the roofs appearing like the bones of a skeleton. And sometimes a dead tree was silhouetted against the pale, steel-gray horizon, its naked limbs raised up as if praying to some god. Now and then a faint wind stirred this scene of death, rustling these dead fall leaves and withered grass as if it were bemoaning the ruins and strife of man. Tonight there were light whisps of fog which overlay the field and added to the ghostly, awesome scene.

Then the little group went over the top, crawling on their stomachs to avoid being seen. Gaillard went first, the natural leader by experience. His cork-blackened face was grotesquely comic, and he carried a pistol and grenades in his pocket. René and François followed, likewise armed. Slowly and laboriously the little group urged its way forward with infinite caution, taking cover behind every stump or mound which might offer protection and concealment. They went almost like swimmers at times, wallowing in the mud, or with feverishly silent curses disengaging themselves from barbed wire.

They could never tell which moment might be their last. A burst of machine gun fire, a grenade, or the sharp report of a rifle, and that would be all. Even now a German sniper might have them between the cross-hairs of his rifle sights and merely be waiting to pull the trigger. Every shape and shadowy form they saw resolved itself in their imagination into a crouching enemy. The mist and the blurred, dim moon shining through the translucent clouds enveloped everything in its hazy half-light.

Suddenly Jean halted, and in hushed whispers bade the others do likewise. He had sighted the enemy wire entanglements and advance posts a few hundred yards away. For half an hour the little group lay still, mentally noting the position and number of the posts and the camouflaged concrete gun blisters which looked like huge turtles on the ground. The three watchers could also see dark shapes moving among the entanglements—probably enemy engineers repairing the damage done by French artillery. Through the thin haze they could see where the fog had condensed on the wire, leaving little drops which reflected the pale light of the moon like strings of jewels, giving an air of beauty to the cruel, coiled steel meshes. Putting their ears to the ground they could hear the soft clanking of the spades and hammers of the engineering corps.

All of a sudden, just as they were about to turn back, the thing they feared most happened. They were discovered by an enemy patrol! The hoarse shouts of surprise of their discoverers broke the foggy silence.

They heard the thumping of hobnail boots as the Germans ran to take cover behind stumps and mounds of earth. The French patrol was at quite a disadvantage, being on a slope so that the light of the moon shone more or less on them, while their enemy were better concealed. For a moment there was an electric silence, each side trying to pierce the mist and darkness to find a target and neither willing to fire for fear that the flash of the arms would give away their position. Then the roar of an exploding grenade shattered the silence.

François was the first to go. He must have been unable to stand the horrible tension and his nerves had cracked. With an animal yell of desperation he had risen from his crouching position behind a log and had tried to run to a shell hole. He was a perfect target silhouetted against the moon; he went about three steps. There was the sharp crack of a rifle as his dark, running form, half-blurred by the fog, swayed and careened drunkenly, but continued running. Another report sounded, and he fell to the earth at the base of a tree trunk in a position

as if he were abjectedly worshiping it like some idol. His blood oozed from the hole in his stomach and ran down onto the brown earth, staining it a deep crimson.

A grenade got René. He had been kneeling behind a tree trunk, his rifle before him, pointing out toward the dark enemy. A chance grenade came hurtling through the air above him and landed in back of him. He had not seen its dark shape, so intently was he trying to find a target for his own gun. It went off behind him with a deafening roar, its steel shrapnel tearing into his back. His lifeless body slumped forward without a sound against a log. His rifle clattered from his nerveless hands to the ground. A thin line of blood trickled from his mouth and, in measured drops, fell to the ground. On his face was a look of mild surprise.

Jean was the last to go. He defended himself as well as he could with his pistol, but inevitably they got him. He heeled over on his side, his hand clutching the place where the bullet had pierced him. He could hear the Germans retiring to their own lines, thinking that they had killed everyone. He felt a strange feeling of loneliness and almost childish fright at being left so alone. He knelt abjectedly behind his shelter, unable to move, while his life slowly poured out of him.

The other day we snipped this little gem from the front page of our home town organ, *The Waterbury American*.

Bucharest, Rumania (AP)

Neighbors reported that Joseph Hulda was having trouble with his mother-in-law. Police sent a routine investigation squad. They broke in and found the body of the mother-in-law boiling in a large pot of water. Hulda was held for murder.

A new solution to an old problem. Perhaps the old boy couldn't stand her any longer or maybe he just was hungry. We wouldn't know.

The Curse of the Pharaohs

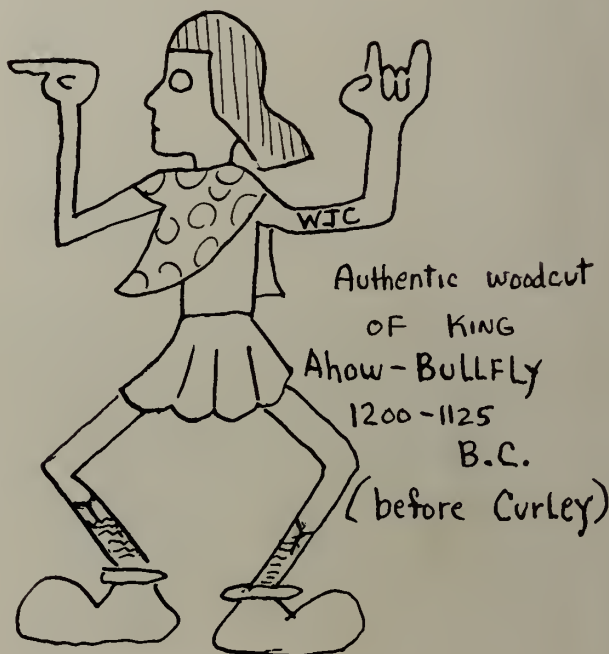
BY WALTER J. CURLEY, JR., '40

FOR many centuries adults and youths alike have puzzled over a strange, gruesome, and somewhat supernatural occurrence. Scientists and archaeologists have struggled in vain for a solution to this age-old question. Novels have been written in the weird shadow suggested by its mystery, scientific analysis has tried to analyze the cold facts, and people have felt an electric thrill at the very thought or mention of it. Yet we still shrug a shoulder and ask: "Who knows?"

Picture a silent, gloomy passageway of some ancient Egyptian pyramid, stifling with the dust of the ages. As our minds imagine the cool night wind of the desert screaming through the forgotten halls, a suitable atmosphere arises to present the thought-inspiring question: Is there any trace of truth or explanation to the ancient curse of the Pharaohs...: "To Him That Distrubs My Tomb and Body Will Come Strange, Sudden Death on Swift, Sure Wings?" After a certain amount of research and examination of the cases connected with this singular question, I have come to feel that beneath an outer skin of myth there lies a vein of truth that must lead to an ultimate explanation.

Is it only coincidence that of the party of archaeologists who excavated Queen Bubastis' tomb in 1907 only one lives, and he is raving mad in a German asylum? All the others died *unnatural* deaths: one was found stabbed in a Cairo hotel with no trace of fingerprint, footmark or logical motive; another completely vanished into the fog from the *S. S. Manche* while crossing the English Channel. The chief professor, Sir Roland Whitcomb, disappeared shortly after the excavation, never to be seen again on the face of the earth. His wife and his five bereaved children have heard no word nor note of encouragement since that last day. When a party of Russians desecrated the mastaba of Anubis, the jackal-god, in 1874, three

died soon after of the supposed "mummy dust" disease. This fatal malady, said to be the accumulation of death-dealing germs from the marcescent bodies, is yet to be isolated by science. Another of the unfortunate Russian party lived long enough to tell a Parisian reporter and a now famous doctor of the state of his diseased and decaying mind before he strangled himself in a fit of insanity. Within the last thirty years the feeling aroused by this weird riddle reached a throbbing peak in our own country when a wealthy Egyptologist, Ingram Shaw, went to those mystic sands to complete a history of an ancient dynasty. His last remaining interest lay beneath a tomb in the form of a mummy known as the Pharaoh Amen-Ra. After a short week of study, Shaw disappeared and was found only last year in the pathetic circumstances of a dying moron who, suffering from amnesia, had



worked as the janitor in a Radio City office. These and many rarer cases may be found in any large library whose references hold specialized Egyptology. The few "incidents" are historical FACTS and are recorded in detail in the national museums of Cairo, London, and Paris.

But what explanation is possible? All scientific hypotheses have been exhausted. Our present civilized society laughs at the chance of a fatal curse, and modern science dampens any flame of imagination that might believe in the possibility of supernatural intercession. Recently, however, a thin ray of light was thrown into the dusty chamber of ignorance, that might lead the way to the source of complete enlightenment. A hint of the existence of a supersecret organization bent on avenging the Pharaohs' curse has been *partly* translated from an ancient tablet. It seems to describe a group of nobles chosen by Menes 5400 years ago and appointed to murder *all* who desecrate the tombs! The organization was to be cabalistically advanced through the ages by heredity. By means of this planned propagation, this group's descendants may be, today, in our very midst.

Who knows but this impalpable tale of yesteryear might be a twentieth century reality and a possible hint to the solution of the age-old anathema, THE CURSE OF THE PHARAOHS!



(Anonymous)

If all the tears since time began
That womankind has shed for man
Were gathered into one great sea—
Losh! What a tidal-wave 'twould be!

The women would drown, one and all,
Lost in salt beyond recall.
The men would somehow keep afloat,
Each in a dinky little boat.

With shirts for sails and arms for oars,
They'd paddle off to other shores;
And there they'd land, serene and brave,
And cause another tidal-wave.

Pictures

By M. R. O. HEINTZELMAN, '40

City rising out of the mist,
As if pointing to the sky.
Gables shining as if kissed
By the sunshine passing by.

Countryside outside the wall
Covered as by mantle green,
And the milk-maid like a doll
In a field of emerald seen.

A castle flanked by turrets high
Crowns an ancient hill;
Aeolic zephyrs frolic by
And turn the wings of busy mill.

Beyond, the bounding sea, away,
Far over the rolling land,
Washes the beach of a sunny bay
And laps at the golden sand.
The grain grows strong in the amber field,

Where crows and blackbirds play.
The peasant prays his crops will yield
The summer's wheat and hay.

A flock of sheep in the lazy sun
Gather around the shepherd-hound,
Making sure the farmer's son
Sleeps on the nearby mound.

A silver stream slips nearby
Through the fragrant clover-leaf.
The covered bridge arching high
And fairic boats glide beneath.

* * * *

Poets may picture dreamily
From the shade of willow-tree—

Living Up to the Expectations of One's Parents

BY W. J. LIPPMAN, '43

I AM sure that almost every one of my readers has at some time in his life felt that living up to the expectations of his parents was the most difficult and disagreeable task imaginable. It is natural for our parents to expect from their children the highest ranking in every line of endeavor, particularly in school. Nevertheless, I do not think it necessary for them to compare us constantly with others of our own age, for this gives the sons and daughters a feeling of inferiority on one hand, and a bad case of snobbishness on the other.

Take, for instance, the case of fourteen-year-old Johnny Wilson. While in his last year at grammar school, his father told him that the following September he would enter a private school in Connecticut, in preparation for college. At that time, Johnny thought very little about this new experience, and when the time arrived to take the entrance examinations, uppermost in Johnny's mind was whether he would be finished in time to hear the broadcast of the local baseball game. Why did Johnny take this attitude? Because he had always ranked first in his class, and never dreamed that things could be any other way.

September rolled around, and Johnny, accompanied by his parents, drove to the new school. After his parents returned home, our top-ranking scholar settled down to work. He did excellently for three-quarters of a term, and then, apparently for no reason at all, his marks took a nose-dive. However, there were several reasons for this, and good ones, too. It was near Christmas vacation and foremost in Johnny's thoughts was the idea of going home. Because of this, the boy found it hard to concentrate on final exams. Also, because of his parents' praise, he became too confident of himself, and believed that it was not necessary for him to study. One must take into consideration, in addi-

tion, the fact that Johnny had social adjustments to make, and during the period that he was doing this, his grades fell off. Then, too, with many extra-curricular activities, such as glee club and orchestra, Johnny let his work slide.

Consequently, during the vacation, when marks were sent home, Johnny's parents were astounded by what seemed to them very poor marks. His father stormed and fumed, and our student's allowance was cut in half and he was denied certain privileges. Little did Mr. and Mrs. Wilson realize that, to a certain extent, they were the cause of it all.

I concede the fact that we owe our parents the right to feel proud over our achievements, and I know that when I complete a fairly good job, the praise of my parents sounds more pleasant to my ears than the words of any instructor or judge of contests. But they should not feel that we are supermen and can always outclass the other fellow. They must remember that we do have our ups and downs and can never be perfect. We feel just as downhearted, just as miserable, just as crestfallen as they do when our marks go down, or when we lose an athletic contest. However, I think that if they set their standards for us a trifle lower, they would almost never be disappointed.

I shall never forget the time when I played the leading part in a school production of "The Courtship of Miles Standish." At the last rehearsal before the finished production, I had memorized my part backwards and forwards. However, because of last-minute stage-fright, or something to that effect, I completely forgot my opening speech. Uppermost in my mind was what my father and mother would think, for I knew that what they wanted above all else, was to be able to brag just a bit before the

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The War Debts from a British Viewpoint

BY HUGH C. E. MASTERS, '41

AT the close of the World War, when the Allies were freed from the tension and strain of actual fighting, the respective governments found a confused financial situation which had arisen as a result of four years of the most intense fighting that had ever afflicted mankind. Money had been spent like water, and Great Britain owed huge sums to the United States and great sums were owed to her. Ever since then, we British have devoted much of our time in trying to arrange a settlement of the War Debt problem. As a result, we have arrived at the conclusion that the War Debt cannot be paid.

During the war, England borrowed from America a total of nine hundred and twenty millions of pounds. No one would suggest that she borrowed this great sum for her own private advantage. She acquired it because she had to, or the Allied cause would collapse. The great bulk of it was spent in America, on arms, munitions, and food; that is to say, a very large amount was returned directly to the American nation in the form of wages and profits. The rest represented loans to other allied countries whose financial position was weak. But England did not merely pass on borrowed money from America; she lent enormous sums of her own. At last, she was owed over twice as much as she borrowed from the United States. Again, it must be emphasized that the whole of these immense amounts were spent not to the economic benefit of any of the borrowers, but, we might say, were *wasted* on a war in which vital American interests were at stake.

England, as a matter of fact, had always favored the idea of cancelling all Interallied debts. In other words, she was ready to write off a capital sum of about three billions of pounds, which is approximately three times and more her debt to

America, as her financial contribution to the war. This general cancellation of debts, however, did not find favour.

In 1922, Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister at that time, went to Washington to negotiate a settlement. He agreed to pay thirty-seven millions of pounds annually for fifty years. At this time, it was a generous offer, and was so regarded in the States. But unfortunately, from then onwards the financial situation in Europe began to deteriorate. Reparations, with American approval, went by the board; and with that England's own debtors found themselves in difficulties. Before long, England was faced by the prospect of having to meet indefinitely the whole charge out of her own pocket alone. In normal conditions, she might have done this for a limited time; but the world slump descended, and large scale international payments became an obvious impossibility.

Now that times have changed again, there is a possibility of payments being recontinued. There are, however, two, and only two, methods of making it: in gold; or in goods. England's gold reserve is not adequate for the purpose. One result of gold transfers on this scale would be a depreciation of the Pound, in terms of the Dollar, the last thing that American industry wants; and anyhow, America does not need more gold. There remains only the possibility in goods. This would be perfectly practicable if America would make major reductions in her tariff in favour of England; but not otherwise, observing the visible balance of Anglo-American trade is heavily in America's favour. This transaction, however, would not be approved by the United States, since it would obviously affect the production of her own goods.

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The Art of Kibitzing

By ARTHUR F. PETERSON, JR., '40

CONTRACT BRIDGE is, without a doubt, the greatest social game of our age. Moreover, along with ballroom dancing, it might well be called the basis of modern social entertainment. And yet, how many of the thousands of people that sit around bridge tables every night realize that there are five participants in every true bridge game? For what is bridge without a kibitzer?

Extensive research fails to disclose the precise origin of the word "kibitzer." It comes from a Hebrew word and means, briefly, "one who arrives at a card game too late to participate and who offers his gratuitous advice to the contestants." The word has been used to include sidewalk superintendents, grandstand quarterbacks, and other members of the hot-stove league. However, the true kibitzer has little or no chance to display his art in these fields because of various frustrating elements, such as the distance from the bleachers to the umpire. In the

realm of contract bridge, on the other hand, the kibitzer has no obstacles of distance or noise to overcome and is in his element. He has a lasting and important effect upon the game, and plays a vital part in its outcome.

Before going into the practical technique of kibitzing, let us be sure that the rules, or Code Kibitz, are understood. The two things a kibitzer must never do are, first, point directly to the card that should be played, and second, verbally direct any player as to the proper play. To denote positively the correct procedure at any time during the game is a flagrant offense and a violation of the highest standards of kibitzing. Such a kibitzer find himself excluded from the best bridge circles in short order. The whole art of kibitzing lies in subtlety, inference, and innuendo. The finesse of a true kibitzer is a thing of beauty. A swift intake of breath, a gasp, a worried glance, a lifted eyebrow, a slow shake of the head, or an agonized groan do the trick.

To illustrate my point, let us assume that the typical bridge foursome, North, South, East, and West, are about to begin a game. Our kibitzer rushes over to them with the inevitable question, "Need a fourth?" and is met with the equally inevitable answer, "No!" He then assumes his position behind the left shoulder of the dealer, North. The reason for this, as is evident, is that North bids first. Kibitzer waits calmly as the cards are dealt and then patiently watches North arrange his hand. Although Kibitzer is neutral at this point, it will be observed that this attitude is destined to be short-lived. North bids a heart and Kibitzer swings into action. With one step, he is behind East and, covering his laughter with his hand, emits a loud sputter. While North and South get ready to commit mayhem, East elects to pass. At South's bid of two



hearts and North's raise to game, Kibitzer is decided. He takes his position behind East, determined to defeat the contract.

East's first two plays are obvious, and he needs no aid from Kibitzer. He cashes the ace and king of spades, leaving the queen, deuce in his hand, and the jack in the dummy. Elementary arithmetic would disclose that, inasmuch as there are thirteen spades in the deck and eleven are accounted for, there are still two missing. Kibitzer takes a quick glance at North's hand to be sure that the seven of spades is still there, and then proceeds to act. East looks hesitantly at his partner, fingering the six of clubs. Kibitzer gasps audibly, at which East removes his finger from the six and North clears his throat ominously. Still debating, East touches first one card, then another, finally pausing over the queen of spades. Kibitzer's pent-up breath comes rushing out in a sigh of obvious relief, and he breaks into a pleasant smile. The queen is played and the trick is taken, giving East and West three of their prospective four tricks.

After North has taken in a few tricks, we see an example of offensive kibitzing, meaning offensive as opposed to defensive. East holds the king of hearts and no others. The object of Kibitzer, therefore, is to make North try a finesse that will cause this trick to go to the opposition. When North, seeing that only three trumps are out, leads a small one from the dummy and West puts on the ten, Kibitzer chuckles with suppressed glee. North, by this time, has come to the conclusion that Kibitzer is against him, and he pauses, trying to determine the significance of the chuckle. The next move by Kibitzer is to allow North to catch him nodding approvingly to West, apparently in approval of retaining the king. Immediately, North decides that West has the card. Down goes the queen, down comes the king, and North is beaten. Another triumph for Kibitzer!

Many people seem to think that, at the end of the hand, the kibitzer is not useful, or can rest. This is far from true. A real kibitzer utilizes the time

The Ruler of the Desert

BY N. W. BARRETT, '42

SLOWLY now, the soft and gentle rays of the rising sun are beginning to creep over the far distant horizon and to convert the cold, empty desert into a great illuminated expanse of color. As each small beam keenly strikes some unprotected dew-drop, the impressive illusion which nature now creates might easily be considered the representation of the victim's last beautiful thought in life. As the first light now begins to pierce through, defying the crispness of early morning, upon the flat expanse of sand and desert life, it carries with it a soft, frail pink, the effect of which is soon to develop into the universal theme. This action counteracted by the gradual and peaceful illumination of the complete sky makes a sunrise on the desert one of the most gorgeous festivals of color ever to be witnessed. The sun forces one to feel its potential greatness as it slowly and masterfully brings the day into being. This evolution truly represents itself to the imaginative soul as the symbolic sign of ever-present power and as a reminder of that something which is constantly ruling above all, and under which mankind is so helpless.

In early afternoon, the sun, now midway in its journey westward, is beating down upon its helpless prey with mercilessness and unequaled fury. All signs of beauty which may formerly have existed upon earth have now completely vanished, as this great white expanse of sand and cactus lies spread out before the constant onslaught. All species of humanity have shrunk from the picture as the mighty sun now wages a ceaseless struggle against this vast extent of unqualified territory. In a way this struggle could be said to represent the everlasting contending of man against the greater things over which he is able to exert no influence. It stirs in one the realization of how helpless man and all civilization really are before such a dominant and unapproachable ruler.

Now this once great and overpowering ruler has

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begun to slink slowly and cautiously towards the western horizon, thus silently announcing the approach of night. Previous to its departure, it consents to create, as its last expression, an entire western sky, glowing in spectacular representation of soft red, gradually blended with a pale yellow. The great expanse of desert itself lies transformed into an extensive blanket of very pale blue before this superbly wrought sky, which serves as an almost utopian background. Nature seems to be laying before one the beauty of the entire world and triumphantly awaiting its acceptance.

Snowflake

By J. PRESTON, JR., '40

I watch each little snowflake
 Falling to the ground;
 Dancing, prancing, glancing
 Off tree, then to rebound
 Whirling, swirling, twirling,
 In the wind, without a sound;
 Gleaming, teeming, streaming,
 In a window, all around;
 And it falls upon the earth
 No larger than the others
 To clothe the land in white
 'Midst myriads of its brothers.
 We're all like little snowflakes;
 Fate rules us like a feather.
 We're each so insignificant,
 But important all together.

* * * *

I watch each little snowflake,
 Falling to the ground.

IT appears that humor is far from dead in the old school of teachers. Mr. Horace D. Taft, Headmaster Emeritus of Taft School, has a hobby of collecting limericks, some of which really ring the bell. When certain undergraduate irreconcilables flare up at the Frazer Tavern they can read this one and think how lucky they are:

There was a young man in Peru,
 Who found a big mouse in his stew,
 Said the waiter, "Don't shout
 And wave it about,
 Or the rest will be wanting one, too."

It also seems that the manners in old England aren't so impeccable as they are sometimes represented:

There was a young lady from Tottendam,
 Her manners! She'd simply forgotten 'em,
 While at tea at the vicar's,
 She took off her knickers
 Because, she explained, she felt hot in 'em.

Connecticut comes into its own with a new slant on the eternal problem of matrimony:

There was an old fellow at Lyme,
 Who married three wives at a time,
 When asked, why a third,
 He replied, one's absurd,
 And bigamy's counted a crime.

We are glad to see that according to Mr. Taft we males are not the only ones who know no morals *à table*:

There was a young lady named Maud,
 Whose friends said that she was a fraud,
 She never was able
 To eat at the table,
 But out in the kitchen—.

We can sign off with Mr. Taft's favorite epitaph:
 Here lies the body of Mary Gray,
 Death held for her no terrors
 She was born a maid and died that way,
 No runs, no hits, no errors.

An open letter to headmasters of other prep schools: Don't have the movie, *The Marx Brothers at the Circus*. It's a bad influence and makes the little boys do funny things.

The Fallacy of Force

BY WILLIAM SNOWER, JR., '40

THERE has been a great deal of thought and speculation on the question of laying the foundations of a permanent peace in Europe after the war. There are, generally speaking, two plans. One is the idea of a union or federation of states. The other is similar to the principle behind the Versailles Treaty. It is the plan of bringing peace and democracy to Europe by the use of force.

There are some people who believe that this is our only hope for peace. They point out that the idealistic scheme of union is unrealistic. They attribute to the German nation a mystical greed for power and domination. This characteristic, they say, will always assert itself in an attempt to dominate other countries. Therefore, we must check that desire; we must prevent Germany from conquering her neighbors by making her impotent from a military standpoint and by subjecting her to the strict control of the democracies, England and France. This was the principle of the Versailles Treaty. Advocates of force say that it failed, not because of the principle, but rather because this principle was not consistently acted upon. In the post-war years England and France, perhaps out of sympathy for the Germans, weakened and allowed Germany one step after another toward great military power. This, we hear, is the manifestation of the military quality of the people.

This view of the problem of international peace, however, is fallacious. In the first place, those men who know the German people best do not believe that it cherishes the warlike spirit more than other people. Such men as Thomas Mann and Oswald Garrison Villard do not regard the Germany of the Kaiser and of Hitler as the typical Germany; it is the "other Germany" which they speak of as typical.

In the second place, history does not support the policy of force. It is because of force, not

weakness and sympathy, that we have war. When one country builds up a powerful military machine, it impels its neighbor to do the same. If a dispute arises between two nations, and one has military superiority, which nation will decide the dispute? This is an intolerable situation to which no nation can afford to submit. Therefore, armament races arise, and each nation attempts to equal the armed strength of the other. Then, if a dispute arises a country feels that it must keep its superiority by destroying its enemy.

This has been England's policy for a good many years. She has felt that she must dominate Europe if she was to have justice. Whenever an enemy appeared to challenge Britain's supremacy, she believed that she was obligated to put that enemy down in the interests of peace and justice. It was, of course, *British* peace and justice. This domination was unjust and intolerable to other nations. If you and I get into an argument, and I demand the right to settle that argument as I wish, you are not going to feel that you have received justice. It is the same with nations. Domination of one country by another has been one cause for intense nationalism and hate among nations.

That this policy of bringing about peace and good-will by force is false is illustrated by current affairs. Japan's treatment of China has not caused China to love Japan. The Finns do not admire the Russians; nor are the Poles and the Germans the best of friends. Force breeds hate. Mexico still regards the United States with distrust and suspicion because of her imperialist adventure in the Southwest. The argument that the Allies should forcibly dominate Germany at the end of the war sounds like one of Hitler's own statements: "We are conquering this country for its own good, to protect it and improve it."

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Oriental Ode

O the famous sheik Abdulla
 Thought he'd get himself a wife,
 But Abdulla was no foola
 And he bought himself a fife.

Then he went down to the corner
 Where a girl named Sadie Blutz
 Was a-stayin' at the harem
 Of his rival, Ahmed Trux.

When Abdulla reached her window
 He confronted it with calm,
 Bolstered up his poise and savoir-faire,
 And turned on all his charm.

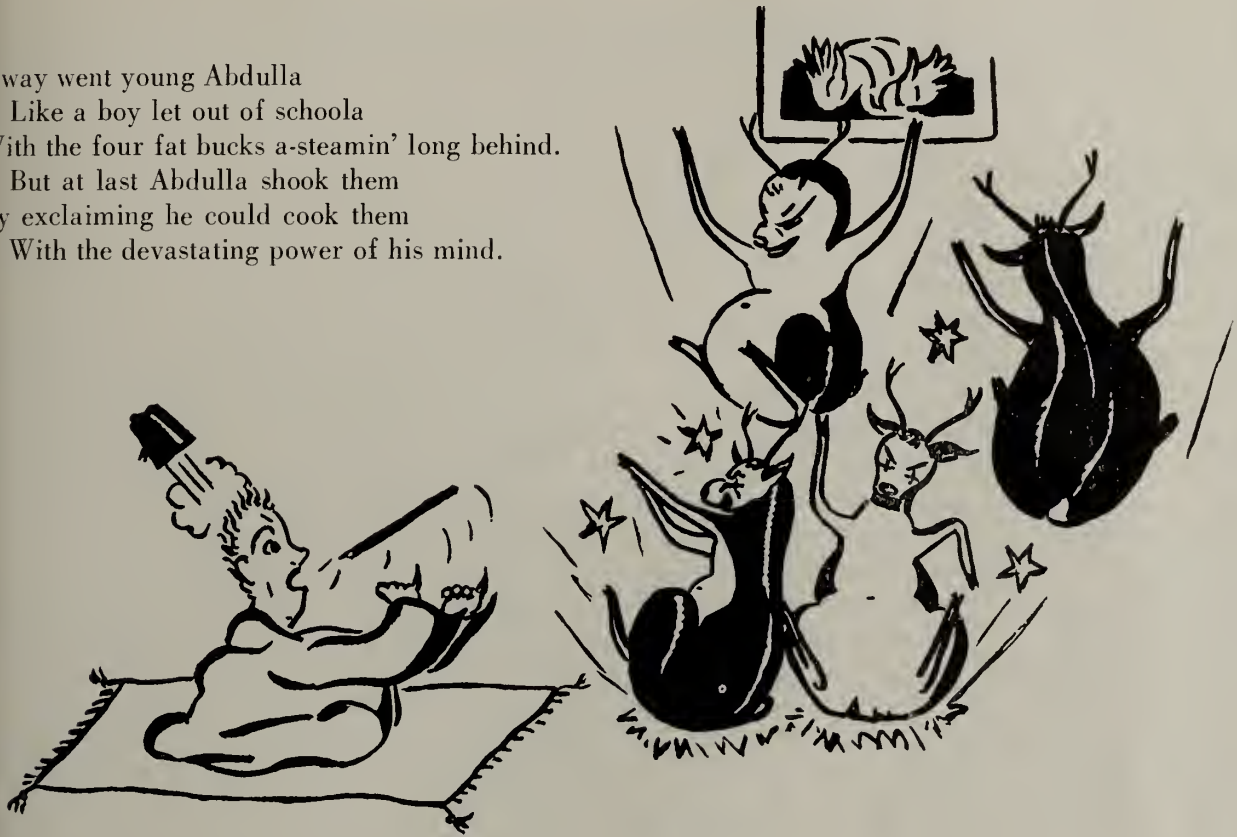


Now he played and played and played on
 His fine fife to bring the maiden
 And quite suddenly his music brought results;
 For the wary Ahmed Trux
 Had arranged that four fine bucks
 Should inhabit Sadie's room to hear insults.

When Abdulla whispered "dear,"
 Quite a clamor smote his ear,
 For the four fat stags began to bray at once.
 Though Abdulla tried to shush them,
 Crafty Ahmed quickly pushed them
 Through the window into poor Abdulla's lap.
 And the four fat deer all landed
 On the place where they were branded
 Which was quite enough to make them want to snap



Away went young Abdulla
 Like a boy let out of schoola
 With the four fat bucks a-steamin' long behind.
 But at last Abdulla shook them
 By exclaiming he could cook them
 With the devastating power of his mind.



Thus the episode is over
 With Abdulla still a rover
 Who has now become a famous Turkish Fakir.
 And the cagey Ahmed Trux
 Who has married Sadie Blutz,
 Wishes fervently he'd let Abdulla take 'er.



The Eternal Feminine

BY TOWNSEND W. HOOPES, '40

THE handsome God Apollo stared at them from the mural behind the bar. His expression seemed slightly ironic, but they didn't notice. They were sitting contentedly side by side sipping Collins's and thinking, both of them far away in other worlds with their day-dreams.

Finally the young man broke the silence. "I've been thinking." "Really?" answered the girl returning from her dream, her eyes on Apollo. She was young and fresh-looking with golden hair and a prominent nose. Whether or not she was pretty depended on your taste. "I've been thinking," continued the young man, "what false lives we lead, what false, artificial, little lives we lead. We're surrounded on all sides by custom and convention that make us their slaves. We don't live our lives the way we want to live them. We live them as custom dictates." He ended with a flourish as though he had just uttered one of the undeniable truths of the world.

"Pity the poor human being," said the girl in a sympathetic, though slightly bored tone.

The young man turned indignantly. "Pity the poor male animal, you mean! The female thrives on convention, lives by it, couldn't exist without it. Why, it was probably some female that created all this foolishness. It's her defense against self-support; it's the red flag she waves in the male's face every time he seems to be getting out of hand. Oh, women are such damned hypocrites!"

"Hypocrites!" The girl swung around to face him. She was no longer bored.

"Yes, hypocrites! Every one of them!" shouted the young man, getting very excited. "They want the right to vote, to hold office, and to go unescorted to bars; in fact they demand all of man's privileges, but they refuse to accept any of the accompanying responsibilities."

"Well, women certainly have the right to be free and equal."

"Perhaps they have, but they also refuse to be thoroughly free and equal. They won't be consistent. They'll be independent when it's convenient and when it isn't they'll lean on the male and brand him 'ungentlemanly' if he doesn't respond like a jumping jack. Man wouldn't mind if woman took a definite stand one way or the other, but she insists on swinging back and forth between the two like a pendulum, taking all and contributing nothing."

The girl opened her mouth to retort, but checked herself at the last moment and turned back to the bar. For some minutes she studied the ice in her glass, then said lightly: "Darling, you do have some of the queerest ideas. I hope that isn't what Yale is doing for you. Really, someone will think you're a revolutionist or something."

The young man, however, was unmoved by this attempt to gain his sympathy. He answered very quickly. "Well, a little revolution wouldn't hurt about now. It might be a great boon to the world if all the down-trodden men were to rise up in defiance of these conventions that rule their lives. Man would be returned to his rightful position and woman might lose her ideas of grandeur. I'd like to take a career woman to dinner, one of those dreadful creatures who addresses women's clubs and is terribly clever at welfare work and that sort of thing. I'd take her to dinner and say, 'Well, since we're both free, white, twenty-one, and equal in every respect, what do you say we split the bill?' That might change her ideas of feminine equality."

"It wouldn't be gentlemanly."

"It wouldn't be gentlemanly!" The young man was working himself into quite a lather. "Darling, a gentleman is nothing more than a woman's stooge. Once a man accepts the title, he is subject to all the

wiles and schemings of the female without a weapon to defend himself. He is utterly at her mercy, helpless as a puppy and he must grant her every wish: run errands, buy flowers, endure her changing moods toward him without a murmur, and subject himself to all manner of gross indignities. All this because the code of a gentleman demands it. Don't you see how false it all is?" He paused for breath.

The girl stared thoughtfully across the bar at Apollo, and his ironic expression seemed now to have special significance for her. It irritated her. She had looked to him for inspiration, and instead he was mocking her. She should not have counted on him; he was a man. Finally she turned and faced the young man. "Maybe you're right, darling. Maybe life *is* very artificial and women *are* all cads, but let's not worry about it now. Let's go get some dinner. I'm starved and you know we promised Bill. . . ."

The young man had calmed down considerably, but he was, nevertheless, not to be stopped so soon, bursting as he was with knowledge he felt he must share with the world. "I'm glad you agree with me, darling. Most women wouldn't, you know. You are different though. Most women would realize that such an awakening by the male was a threat to their position. They would rise up in a body and strike me down for preaching such a dangerous doctrine.

But you are different; you understand a man's point of view. You see, the institution of gentleman is a key to woman's power. It puts her in a position where she can employ her scheming nature with great effectiveness, often without the poor male even suspecting. She's so subtle about it that most of the unfortunate souls, captivated by her feminine charms, go dumbly through the routine of the gentleman, never suspecting that he is helping woman fulfill her desire for power."

From the other end of the bar the bartender ambled up and placed the check in front of them, turned around and ambled back again. Very solemnly the girl opened her purse and drew out a bill. "Here, this is for mine," she said, tossing it on the bar.

"Darling, don't be silly; I'll pay for them."

Her answer was coldly impersonal. "What about your little revolutions and the gross indignities to which the poor male is subjected? Why I wouldn't for the world make you act against your principles. Please don't pay for them."

The young man looked worried. "But, this is different; I can't go out with women and have them pay for things. I'm no oily gigolo. After all, I'm a man."

"And I'm a woman; and we're both free and equal. That's what you said, wasn't it? So you can't very well lower yourself to the rank of gentleman just to buy me a drink."

"But, darling, this is different. We're practically engaged."

"Are we?" The retort was clipped and cold as ice. She turned her back to him.

The young man slid off the bar stool in desperation, grasped her by the shoulders and turned her around to face him. "Darling, I take back everything; I'll even be a gentleman, only let's stop fighting. We're so stubborn when we fight." She was close enough for him to smell the apple blossom perfume in her hair. It was a fresh, clean smell. Then she smiled, a funny smile that wrinkled her nose. It was a nice nose. The young man sighed and reached for the check.



Vanishing Race

BY A. LOUIS ENO, '40

"GO, fated Indian, to the farthest verge of earth's remotest shore." This is a quotation which well describes the plight of the American Indian today. My subject can well—and does—occupy several scholarly tomes. Here I shall endeavour merely to paint a more or less general picture of the Indian and of his life from early history to the present day. I shall certainly not declare that the Indian is, or was, a noble creature; the Indian is above such sentimental praise.

By now, I trust that the reader has ceased emitting loud whoops in supposed imitation of the American aborigine, so that I may proceed with my theme. The most logical place to begin is the origin of the Indian race. Nowadays, everyone who considers himself an authority on the subject writes a book putting forth his proof concerning why the Indian is related to such-and-such a race. There are those who believe the Indians to be the lost tribes of Israel. They claim that the tribal system, as well as their symbols and badges, are peculiar to both. The prevailing and, I think, the more reasonable theory is that the Indians are of Asiatic origin, and that they migrated, little by little, by way of the Behring Strait. This question of origins, however, is comparatively unimportant, and, I dare say, uninteresting except to experts. The fact remains that the Indian arrived here somehow. You and I are more interested in what happened after he did get here than in how he came.

The pseudo-connoisseurs dissent greatly in regard to the division of the Indians into nations and tribes. Here I shall take the liberty of dividing the whole of the United States into several nations, such as I believe they probably were. There were the "Yankees" in the North (they are really called Algonquins and Iroquois); the Everglades Tribes or "Swampers"; the Gulf Tribes; the Plains In-

dians; the Comanches (it won't do any harm to forget this one); and the Western Coast Tribes. The Algonquin tribe extended over all of New England, most of the Atlantic Coast, and a large part of Canada. It contained innumerable tribes: Wampanoags, the tribe of King Philip; Wamesits, Pawtuckets; Shawsheens; and a whole host of others. By far the best organized was the Iroquois nation—the celebrated "League of the Long House," so treacherously "converted" to Christianity by Montcalm and Sir William Johnson and other "Christians." It included the Iroquois, Mohawk, Seneca, and Oneida tribes. Patience, kind reader, for though these names may seem boring, they are quite essential. In the South, the Seminoles were pushed back by the white man into that "delightful" section of Florida, the Everglades. Incidentally, the Seminoles are the only tribe that has not made a treaty with our benevolent, kindly Uncle Samuel; they are still technically at war with the United States.

The other nations aren't at all important—nor interesting—except the Plains Indians, of which the most well-known tribe is the Sioux, who aren't really important except as the original exponents of the feather headdress, which the idealistic vision of the whites has compelled all Indians to adopt. Also in the western part of these United States lived the Blackfeet and the Apaches, the "bad Indians" from whom the Lone Ranger was recently trying to save the Federal troop train. Another more or less well-known tribe of the "wild and woolly" West is the Zuñi, who lived in cliff dwellings.

The Indian possessed several remarkable characteristics very different from the white man's. He was dignified, proud, and graceful; he was not one to fawn for favors. Despite the fact that many of us utter guttural grunts, "ugh's," and "how's," when we think of Indians, their languages (for

there were as many different dialects as we now hear on the radio in a whole week) were very poetic. The Indian used many similes, many of them, like those of the Bible, simple and delightful, and drawn from nature and enduring things. Their peculiarities of speech, or should I say the composite words they were wont to use to describe persons or objects, are quite logical and amusing. "Fire-water," as a name for intoxicating beverages, has come down to us to the present day. The name for the President of the United States, "The Great White Father," shows the respect and admiration they had for him. It is a far cry from some names by which the President is called to-day. The names the Indians had for the great Indian fighters are also interesting. General Custer was called the "White Devil with the yellow hair."

Father Flanagan, founder of Boys' Town, once said that there is no such thing as a "bad boy." Unfortunately, I cannot say the same for Indians. I admit that there were many "bad Indians." But do you suppose that all white men are themselves angels or cherubim? Several novelists have depicted the Indian in the role of a villain—Mark Twain, for example, as well as Cooper. On the other hand, modern novelists who have made a more complete study of the subject of Indians,—Kenneth Roberts is the outstanding one—make the Indian a constant and indispensable companion of the hero, while the villain is a white man, unworthy of the name. Just as for every villainous and anarchistic American today there are thousands of good, patriotic citizens, likewise, for every "bad Indian" there were many thousands of fine, upright ones.

So much for "bad Indians." This next subject is one which has marred the reputation of the United States: the American treatment of the Indian. As far as I know, the coming of the Pilgrims and the other English, French, Spanish, Dutch, Finnish, Swedish, and German colonists has been the only invasion of its kind in history. You may immediately object and mention the Norman conquest of England. However, you must remember that, a century later, the Normans and the Anglo-Saxons

had gradually consolidated and a new race had been formed. On the other hand, in our grand and glorious "land of the free," the rightful owners of the land are pushed back to "reservations" which in some ways resemble our present foreign "concentration camps."

Rather than likening American colonization to the Norman conquest, we should compare it with the Hun invasion of Rome or the Nazi conquest of Germany. I do not mean by this that our fine and upstanding Pilgrim fathers, John Winthrop and Miles Standish, were miniature Attilas or Gestapo agents; but they were by no means saints. Nevertheless, there were a few, a very few, Americans who treated the Indians comparatively decently. Included among these were William Penn and,—well, William Penn.

Today the Indian is being pushed back—or rather, is pushed back—away from his old hunting grounds. For his living he must pick cranberries in the "State of Great Hills" (Massachusetts). He may not receive money from the W. P. A. because he is not "an American citizen." (This is not an exaggeration, but an actual fact.) Yet if the world today had a civilization similar in organization to that of the Iroquois, a race as physically fine as the Sioux, a nation as wealthy as the Aztecs, and the bravery and valour of the Algonquins, there would be few, if any, social problems, and very little distrust, depression, and corrupting desire for wealth and power.



Seven Steps Downward

BY FRANK F. SOULE, JR., '40

IT was about five-thirty at night, and a crimson March sun had settled behind the hills across the valley. George stopped on top of a small rise and gazed at the twinkling, starry pin-points of light in the dark valley below. Cold, gray clouds hung near the horizon; George imagined that they formed a sea-coast with innumerable little coves and bays; and he pictured busy little towns and large cities dotted among small islands and inlets. The cars on the main highway still flew past him, but he made no attempt to "hitch" a ride. He had been trying all day, but the cars travelled too fast and the traffic was too heavy and steady for anyone to stop easily.

George was about nineteen years of age, and yet he had the tired face of a man of fifty. A short, dark stubble of a beard covered the lower part of his face, but a ruddy and clear skin showed through. His eyes were misty-gray, and his short-cropped black hair lay matted on his forehead. He was six feet tall, and over his wiry frame he wore a pair of gray flannel pants with worn knees, and a heavy flannel ski shirt. On his feet were a pair of worn and dirty brown-and-white shoes, and he was carrying a bandanna tied to a stick over his shoulder.

George's hand was becoming cold from holding on to the stick in the bitter wind, and the stick with the heavily laden bandanna was beginning to hurt his shoulder. He stopped to take the bandanna off the stick and pulled a piece of string from his pocket. After tying the bandanna so it hung from his neck by the string, he continued on his way. When he felt the weight around his neck, he began to think of all the money he could get if he dared pawn its heavy contents. But he knew that if anyone as shabbily-dressed as he tried to pawn such valuables, the police might suspect him, and so he feared to do it, though he burned with the de-

sire to do so, realizing all that he might do with the money.

* * *

George came from a very poor family living in the slums of New York. The flat in which his family lived, crowded with five other large families, was one of the thousands of tenements which had been condemned by the city but about which nothing had been done. George had been going to the local district high school when it was announced that a wealthy philanthropist was donating a scholarship to a student of high standing to enable him to have the advantages of some preparatory school for one year.

George had won the scholarship and went away with high recommendations. The boys soon found out under what conditions he was at the school, and, it being a school of wealthy, snobbish boys, they looked down upon this poverty-stricken youth from the slums. He found himself excluded from their society, and, not having the extra money to enter into their various activities, he dared not try to intrude. He soon developed and could not shake a strong envy for all the wealth surrounding him.

After the Christmas vacation all the boys returned to school and were showing off their presents. John, who lived across the hall, had received a gold wrist-watch with a gold chain for Christmas, which was worth probably about fifty or sixty dollars. George resented the fact that other boys should be able to have such things when he was denied them. One day John carelessly laid his watch upon his coat while he had gone off to play touch football. George picked up the watch, thinking to return it, but seeing no one near, almost without realizing it, slipped it into his pocket. When he got back to his room, he took the watch out and looked at it. He had always wanted to have a watch like it and had often

looked at similar watches in the windows of expensive jewelers. He knew John would probably not dare admit his carelessness and would think he had lost it; and so George put it away where he knew it would be safe.

Before a week had passed, George had stolen five other things; he had taken two more watches, a small but heavy silver clock that showed the weather as well as the time and had tiny chimes which rang the hour, a gold watch chain, and a small silver medal which a boy's father had won in the war and which he had proudly displayed on his mantel. George had found it easier and easier each time he stole something and was unable to stop himself. Whenever he could easily steal something that he wanted without being suspected, he found it harder and harder to resist the temptation.

But one day he went too far. Jim Harvey had been one of the few boys that had befriended him. Jim was an exceptional scholar as well as an outstanding athlete, and had been given a cup by the school honoring his record of the year before. George went into Jim's room one afternoon before study-hall, and, not finding him in, he sat down to read the paper. The cup stood on Jim's desk: it was about eight inches high, of solid silver, and had an inscription engraved on it acknowledging Jim's record. It stood on an attractive ebony base with the name of the school on it in silver letters. George then realized with some fear that his desire to steal was becoming directed against not merely personal possessions, but against anything valuable. He found himself trying to figure how much he would be able to get for it at the pawn shop near where he lived and figured that perhaps he could get almost seventy-five dollars. He thought of how he could buy his sister and his mother all the little things that their simple tastes desired, but which they were denied. And so George slipped the cup under his coat and found himself back in his room, hardly knowing how he had got there or why he had taken the cup.

That night the headmaster called a meeting in

the chapel. He reported the loss of the cup, and also in the meantime the other boys from whom George had taken things had reported their losses. The headmaster intimated that there would be an inspection of all rooms the next day, and that, if nothing were found, the local police would be called in to investigate.

George hardly slept at all that night. For the first time in his life he found himself crying. Long, dry sobs shook his body, and, when they finally stopped, he tried to cry again, thinking that it might make him feel better. He had gone too far; he felt sure he would be found out. The pale light of dawn had begun to fill his room, when he got up and put on some old clothes. He tied up the things he had stolen in a large, bright-colored bandanna that his sister had given him before he went away, and then he climbed down the fire-escape and went off towards the main highway a mile away.

Spring had come early; the first day of May brought warm, bright sunshine, and a warm breeze from the south tossed tiny clouds about the sky like playthings. A bank of puffy, white clouds lay along the horizon, looking like a range of mountains rising above a clear blue ocean. Spring rains and melting snows had swollen to a roaring torrent the thin stream that had peacefully tumbled down into the valley from the hills. This stream supplied water-power to a small industrial town and then wound through the valley toward the ocean like a silvery snake fleeing from the mountains to shelter by the sea.

Now and then pedestrians stopped to watch some workmen patching up a hole in the board sidewalk of a bridge by which the main road crossed the stream. The bridge had been in need of repair for a long time, but the people living on the surrounding farms had become used to avoiding the weak spots, and strangers seldom passed through this deserted section on foot. Someone had evidently fallen through, but since no one in the locality had been found missing, the incident was soon for-

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The Futility of Modern War

BY R. W. CLIFFORD, '40

(*Winner of the Means Essay Contest*)

SUPPOSE two men have a quarrel. Messrs. A and B get so heated, that they lose all sense of logic, and refuse to examine each other's point of view. Mr. A says to Mr. B, "You've gone just too far!", hauls off, and lands one on his ear,—and the fight is on.

This seems to be how wars too get started: because of pride and prestige, and sheer stupidity, the opponents will not examine each other's point of view, but go on getting more and more heated until one side loses its head. But what a stupid, stupid way is this to start the slaughter of millions of human beings! How idiotic thus to throw away sums of money that run into figures nothing short of astronomical!

This essay discusses modern war. Is modern war then more futile than ancient war? If so, why so? Something must have changed: different ways of living, other causes, new methods of prosecuting war, fresh results and effects, or perhaps all these items together, may have made the change. For the ancient Greeks, for the Vandals, for the Crusaders in bygone centuries, war did not seem a futile thing. For them it was a noble occupation which brought glory to one's country and honor to one's self. Only the professional soldiers took part in the fighting; for those who fell, death was a matter of a sword cut or an arrow between the shoulder blades, not a lingering torture from poison gas; in victory all was rejoicing and triumph, and even in defeat no such suffering was experienced as was in nearly every great nation of the world after the Great War. The same qualities of heroism, courage, self-sacrifice and endurance are still brought out in modern war, but along with these we see bestial hate and the most revolting brute emotions, and we see them being encouraged!

The most tragic thing that characterizes modern

war is that the nations are not at war; they are made to fight one another, true, but they have no quarrel. The leaders, the "representatives" of the nations, are at war, and they spread their own hate among the people to get them to fight for them. War now arises from lies, or misrepresentations of truth; it is spread likewise; it is reported in lies; and at the end even the settlement, such as it may be, is conducted in a spirit inspired by something far from outright candour. False hatred is impressed upon people by the lies and misrepresentations of truth known as propaganda, but this hatred may be fanned only too easily into a flame as intense as that produced by genuinely conceived emotion. To impress hatred, the public mind is worked upon: appeals are made, not to the reason of cool logic, but to the emotion; scape-goats are devised and presented to unite public feeling: in fact, war and its attendant circumstances tend to produce more war and to spread those circumstances, and so it goes on in a vicious circle, until one side is exhausted. Fighting and hate destroy that coolness and impartiality in which exists the only possibility of a just settlement.

The final futility of war is that the whole weary business brings no good constructive result; slaughter and destruction bring only embittered hate, and the loss to one side of a fair say in the settlement, and, for both, when it is over, intense economic distress. War alienates friends, friendly nations are sundered. Neutral countries also suffer: some may be dragged against their will to fight in order to preserve themselves, while one and all are caught in the unending strife over neutral and beligerent rights. Distrust is spread abroad for many years to come by the presence of agents of the warring nations, all working under the surface for entirely selfish interests.

This World War II, as it has been dubbed, provides excellent illustrations for the above general remarks. Its name gives the first clue to its chief *raison-d'être*: World War II is a left-over from World War I, it has risen out of the mess that was made then and not cleared up. The problem may be said to have started in the middle of the last century with the growth of German group-consciousness and the ensuing desire for self-assertion; the problem was increased by the German defeat in 1918 and by the revengeful attempts of their conquerors to crush the German people; those attempts, as it turned out, welded the Germans into one more successfully than had all Bismarck's imperialism, and the problem grew as Germany grew in strength, a new nation which burst out with the crude, vigorous and lusty youth and expansionist movements of the present day. The world watched the usual preliminaries of war, ever hoping against hope the answer might be forthcoming and the final calamity averted: England always jealous of a growing continental power, France behind the Maginot line fearful of another 1914, and Germany thrusting outwards, west, south and east by hook or by crook; juggling for balance of power, with territory, trade, tariffs, rights and privileges as weights and counter-weights, juggling on a high rickety stool that constantly threatened collapse and the precipitation of all down into war. Poland invaded by Hitler's army, the balance upset, they crashed from the high stool,—and the fight was on. The French and British armies on the Western Front; Germany asserting herself, France and England curbing that assertion, fighting, and all because they would get up on that high rickety stool, because they refused to see each other's point of view, losing the cool judgment essential for so fine an adjustment.

And hence war:—hence waste, stupid, senseless waste; waste of human lives, waste of money, materials, resources; hence destruction of property, destruction of happy homes, destruction of civilization; hence bombs, bullets, poison gas and high explosive shells on the battlefield; hence mines, tor-

pedoes and more shells on the sea; hence a burning aeroplane and living men spinning and twisting down, down; hence home towns blasted by bombs; hence suffering, maimed bodies, and nerves cracked to insanity by the incessant strain.

War spreads, and neutral countries find themselves faced with extinction unless they fight. Peace-loving Sweden must perforce help Finland against Russia.

The childish, fatuous stupidity of it all is realized when opposing leaders sit at home and vie with each other in ranting, sarcastic speeches over the radio with an interpreter apiece to help.

There is something devilish in the whim of fate which makes it possible for a German to send a letter via Italy and the United States to an Englishman as friend to friend recalling their walking-tour in the Black Forest and the night they got drunk in Munich, inquiring after his wife and son and the salmon fishing prospects, and lamenting the official relationship between their countries; just three weeks later, before the letter has reached its destination, the same German, a small component cog in one ruthless military machine, gauges the distance to a hedge the other side of a little valley and meticulously adjusts his telescopic sights; in ten seconds the same Englishman, a cog in the opposing machine, who has brought his platoon up to the front line that day, and in his zeal for explaining the position to his men is careless about exposing his own person, falls, shot through the head. Does not this show, more clearly perhaps than any other single thing, how stupid is war, how sad and futile, unnecessary and meaningless, wicked?

Suppose now that one side has won: Germany, say, is defeated (perhaps the season's vegetable crop was destroyed by a plague); Hitler and the German people are outwardly prepared to accept terms since their country is facing starvation, but inwardly they chafe and fume at their position. Germany now has no say in the settlement, as she had before war. Now is the time, now let us pray to Almighty God that some brain in this world may have remained cool and unbiased, so that a just

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The Stranger

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the village. A crowd of armed men instantly rushed to the spot to find the village parson dying of gunshot wounds. The man died with a plea for forgiveness on his lips. The men noticed that the incident took place in front of the local blacksmith's shop, but the young smithy was nowhere to be found. There was no evidence except a trail of blood along the road which led out of the town. The townspeople concluded that the young blacksmith had been bitten by the werewolf and after having shot him, had dragged himself into the wilderness where he was destined to become a werewolf himself. There was no doubt in their shocked minds that the parson was the original monster who had changed into human form before he died. Their deduction was verified when a group of frightened bystanders asserted they saw the young smithy making for the outskirts of the town with a wild look in his eye and his face covered with blood, evidently from the wound made by a claw which had ripped across one ear and down across his left cheek.

Three days later, a silent procession bearing a casket moved towards the outskirts of the town and buried the parson under the full moon. Later they stood by and watched while two men drove a wooden stake through the coffin.

And even today when the moon is on high, the housewives of Velsegn gather their brood about them and swear they hear the cry of a wolf in the distance and see the shadow of a man on a hill far away.

"There," said the stranger, "that's all."

The last vestige of weariness had disappeared, and J. Hartley clung to the very last word with avid interest.

"Aversdale," droned the conductor in a sad tone. J. Hartley hastily gathered up his paper, thanking his companion for the story and bidding him adieu in the same breath. As he got out with most of the other passengers in the car, he turned to wave good-

bye to his friend. His breath jerked in audibly, as he saw three very distinct scars which extended over one ear and down over his left cheek. But the man hardly noticed him as he stared morosely out the window.

And That's Slife

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mine lef', but she gets dough, y'unnerstan'; she's bad, see?

Beer, kid?

But t'morra I don't hit the bottle no more. Not gonna touch no more likker; 's bad stuff, kid. Gonna teetole, y' might say, see? I'm gonna work; gonna make good, y' know what I mean? Gonna walk it off now, kid; see y' later. T'morra, I'm gonna start a differnt life, y'unnerstan' see?

Why, *darling*! I haven't seen you for *simply ages*! What *have* you been *doing* with yourself, dear? . . . Oh, I'm so sorry; you're *not* Sammy, *are* you? I thought you were Sammy. But *anyway*, *darling*, that makes *absolutely no* difference; we shall talk together *just* the same. I *simply love* to talk to you young people.

You *must* have something to drink, y' know. . . . *Darling*, *why* be so terribly unsociable. Liquor is so wonderful, y' know. F'rinstance, *darling*, that *utter lunatic* that just stumbled outside—he's my brother, y' know, and alcohol has done *simply* wonders for him, my dear. Ha, ha. . . *simply* wonders. I *love* it, *darling*; liquor is *wonderful*. I *simply live* on it, my dear. I *love* life; I want to *live* and drink and be *free* of all cares!

But you young people are *so* silly, my dear; you musn't walk. You *must* let me take you home in my car. It's *new*, *darling*, and the most *adorable* green. . . . You're *simply absurd*.

'S no use, kid. . . . Big car goin' like hell, y' know what I mean? . . . Big green car, kid, goin' like hell, see? . . . 'S no use, kid; put me by the lamp post. . . . I like lamp posts. . . . 'unnerstan', see? . . . big green car.

The First Civil War

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yo'all been mighty white t' me t' stick by de old Fiend when he is down. An' ah won't make yo' sorry yo' did. Ah'll git yo' outa dis. Ah got a plan. We'all gwine t' use evil t' git back at de Lawd, an' ah hear tell o' some new world he done created wid folk on it like us. We kin c'rrupt dem, an' man, will he be peeved! But, brothahs, right now we got t' make us a palace t' meet in, an fix this hyar place up some so's we kin live a li'l mo' comf't'ble-like. Les git goin'."

Living Up to the Expectations of One's Parents

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other parents. It so happened that my lines returned to me as suddenly as they had vanished, but I hate to say how my parents would have felt had I muffed my performance.

To a certain extent, I cannot blame them in the least, but when it gets to the point where one must constantly be at the top so that he may be shown off to others, I rebel. I know, and I am sure others feel too, that if one is completely left alone to do as he pleases, and never receives either praise or disapproval, it is easy to develop an attitude of indifference or an inferiority complex. To take the other viewpoint, if one is continually shoved and pushed into doing a thing, he will very likely lose interest altogether.

All in all, both sides must co-operate, each reaching a happy medium so as to help the other. Parents should not expect too much of their offspring, and the offspring should not be too dependent upon the approval or disapproval of the parents. If this rule could be followed, I am certain that there would be more harmony in the home of the average schoolboy.

The War Debts From a British Viewpoint

(Continued from Page 19)

We British know very well that a good many Americans, especially the lower classes, put us down as a crowd of cheap swindlers who borrow and do not return. But do those same Americans realize what *we* feel about it? Do they remember that we paid nearly a million lives, and a much higher proportion of our treasure than they did to save not only ourselves but to save others and America as well?

We realize that this question of war debts has caused a great deal of irritation between England and America; but, at the same time, we feel that America's investments, in the way of war loans rather than men and munitions, were her share during the earlier years of the war in preventing German tyranny throughout the world. Today, most Americans say that the United States is invincible; no one can possibly invade it. Don't let them fool themselves, for they ought to take into consideration the position of the "Quadrangle Powers"—Germany, Russia, Italy, and Japan—heavily armed and under strong dictatorship. Some of them have started to fight us first, but if we go down, will America escape being the next? The blindest of optimists could not hope it! Therefore, since we and America are in the same boat *again*, do not let us argue too much concerning the cost of the *last* trip.

Two hats were talking together. One said to the other, "You wait here. I'm going on ahead."



The Art of Kibitzing

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between hands to monopolize the conversation, pointing out the cards that should have been played at certain strategic places, and interspersing his advice with such expert and professional terms as "revoke," "finesse," "Culbertson says—," "Blackwood convention," "two-demand," etc. In the case we have taken, the action between hands would probably take a course such as this: Kibitzer would begin by asking North why he tried the finesse. Of course, North has any number of good reasons, but Kibitzer always reverts to the fact that the finesse failed. Then Kibitzer turns to East and criticizes him severely for hesitating over the queen of spades. Now East, who fancies himself quite a good bridge player, is startled by Kibitzer's inference that he didn't know enough to lead the queen, and exchanges glances with North. They look for assurance to their partners and then proceed to tell Kibitzer politely and firmly to get out.

At this point, we see the human side of Kibitzer. Cut to the quick, he slowly turns his back on the quartet and, head bent, trudges wearily toward the door. He knows only too well the manner in which men treat their benefactors. And yet, unable to face the inevitable, he glances sadly back to see if there is any chance to begin anew. Met with four surly scowls, he sighs; but his eyes light up almost immediately as he sees what he hardly dared to expect. Four men are beginning a bridge game in the far corner. Kibitzer rushes over to them. "Need a fourth?"

The Fallacy of Force

(Continued from Page 23)

Since force does breed hate and does cause armament races, we should do away with this thing which manufactures causes for wars. But just as in society we need policemen, we need some impartial force in international affairs to preserve justice and order. When I get in a dispute I am not

my own judge and jury. Is there any reason why England should act as a policeman, judge, and jury in her quarrels with other nations? What force is necessary should be as impartial as possible and should be vested in the hands of the majority. In other words there should be some sort of "law" among nations comparable to the "law" among individuals; and each country must be equal before that "law." To carry out this plan of justice requires some kind of union, not dictatorship.

The Futility of Modern War

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peace and a fair settlement may be found, injuring the fundamental rights of none and satisfying as far as shall be possible the needs of all.

Would that that might be the end. Would to Heaven it might! But the world has learnt from the bitter experience of 1919 and the succeeding years what it must expect to follow a world war, and this present conflict promises to be a world war more literally even than the last, and the effects will be the more terrible. We can look forward to seeing millions of men tramping the streets looking for jobs, jobs, any job. There will come violent emotional reactions, mass accusations of mismanagement and even of treachery against those who have served their country with all they had. There will be agitations for reform, reform, reform—the world gone mad yelling for a miracle to turn it sane. Terrible economic distress will follow as a hundred and one industries that have been developed to their fullest capacity are suddenly no longer needed.

Nor can any of these afflictions be confined to the losing side: conquerors too will feel their weight, and just as heavily.

So,—slaughter, destruction, misery, the god of war glutted,—and where are we? What are we? We are more wretched a thousandfold. Great cost, great sacrifice, and are we one whit nearer permanent peace?

"Turn back, O Man, forswear thy foolish ways. Earth shall be fair, and all men glad and wise."

Exchanges

The position of an Exchange Editor of a school magazine is a somewhat dubious one, and may be considered in two lights. We might, upon receiving a batch of contemporary literature, merely relegate it to a position of insignificance in the darkest corners of our room, or, on the other hand, we might zealously search through the varied assortment for stories and articles worthy of official comment. On just such an excursion, we discovered, of all things, some rather pretty compliments to our own work of art in *The Cue*, an enterprising and thoroughly satisfactory publication of the Albany Academy. Their only criticism, apparently common to most school publications, was that the Exchange department was not inclusive enough! On the other hand, the policy laid down by the editors of the St. George's *Dragon* is that comments on exchanges should not be made, since the reviewer might not possess enough literary background or knowledge of the circumstances under which other magazines are put out. In general, this is a rather good idea, but we are inclined to believe that any comments, well-founded or not, are pleasing to the other editors, and we shall contrive to follow this program to a certain extent.

Our first verbal bouquet goes to the *Dragon* for the excellent book reviews which graced a recent issue. Such reviews seem to us a rather necessary part of any literary magazine, at least one which is so designed, and it is a matter of personal regret to us that there are not more of them in the other more serious publications.

The St. Paul's *Horae Scholasticae* always maintains an extremely high tone indeed, all the stories are worthy of favorable mention, and the editors are to be complimented for the apparent high standard of acceptance.

We also like the section in the Taft *Oracle* which seems to smack vaguely of *The New Yorker*, and is well-written and equally appealing to outsiders as well as those familiar with the characters and situations described. The *Oracle* also had in one issue a clever "Aptitude Test," similar to the popular in-

telligence tests which used to appear in the now defunct *Scribners*.

EXCHANGES

Abbot Academy—*The Courant*
 The Albany Academy—*The Cue*
 Belmont Hill School—*The Sextant*
 Brooks School—*The Bishop*
 The Catalina Island School—*The Wheel*
 Cornell University—*The Widow*
 Fessenden School—*The Albemarle*
 Groton School—*The Grotonian*
 Gunnery School—*The Stray Shot*
 Harvard University—*The Lampoon*
 The Hill School—*The Record*
 Kent Place School—*Cargoes*
 Hotchkiss School—*The Lit*
 Mass. Institute of Technology—*The Voo-Doo*
 Milton Academy—*The Orange and Blue*
 Noble and Greenough School—*The Nobleman*
 University of Pennsylvania—*The Penn. Triangle*
 Phillips Exeter Academy—*The Exeter Review*
 St. George's School—*The Dragon*
 St. Mark's School—*The Vindex*
 St. Paul's School—*Horae Scholasticae*
 The Taft School—*The Oracle*

Seven Steps Downward

(Continued from Page 31)

gotten. Farther down the stream where an inlet lay protected from the roaring torrent of the swollen stream, five or six naked children splashed gaily about in the water, delighting in their first swim of the year, while their mothers sat on the grassy banks chatting and keeping an eye on them. From time to time they would stop and gaze in wonder at the golden shafts of sunlight which penetrated the clear water, and they would try and scoop the gold up, shouting with glee.

One of the children had wandered out towards the entrance of the little inlet in pursuit of a small minnow. Suddenly he screamed to his mother and pointed at the body of a young boy that had been swept into the inlet. A heavily weighted, bright-

colored bandanna was tied around his neck, and his hands had been caught under the string, apparently as he had endeavored to get the weight from around his neck.

Ballade of the White Tie

BY C. B. JELLINGHAUS, '40

(With apologies to Fairfax Downey, author of "Ballad of Black Velvet Dress" which recently appeared in "Saturday Evening Post.")

A long, smooth line may work quite well;
Carnations always do their share;
The handsome guy can cast a spell,
While manly build will lay a snare
For lassies, just like curly hair.
But neither line nor looks of males
With this enhancement can compare:
A young man's first white tie and tails.

Why gals for young Adonis fell

Those books in Greek to us declare;
Just what Apollo wore they tell,
And how his praises filled the air.
Yet be a guy tall, dark, or fair,
There's something still that never fails
To give him "class" and get him there:
A young man's first white tie and tails.

Beau Brummel tries himself to sell

To some cute trick he can compare
With Garbo, Deitrich, or Darnell.
He dons a suit of texture rare;
From habits bad may he forswear!
Of all the charms that he unveils,
What always makes the beauties stare?
A young man's first white tie and tails.

L'ENVOI

Mamma, Poppa—you'll have to spare
The hard-earned cash, despite your wails,
To buy the answer to his prayer:
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Editorial

IN summarizing the year's work of the *Mirror* we can't exactly point to a record of conquest, of attainment to great heights in a literary field, or of wowing the general public in any other way. However, we have done our best from the material with which we have had to content ourselves to put together a magazine which might possibly have some interest for the student body. Although we think that the lapse in student interest is something atrocious, still we hope that it is merely the result of or perhaps the accompaniment to the current lapse in athletic success. Things look bright for the

future, though, as the interest and enthusiasm in the Junior and Lower Classes give great promise for issues in the next few years. This year's Lower Middle class will take over the management of the *Mirror* next year, and there is no reason why, with a little pen-scratching from you authors, they shouldn't hit the comeback trail and lead the ancient and honorable pamphlet through a banner season. The retiring Board wishes them the best of luck and enjoins you students to give them the support they will be so appreciative of.

“Fire and Brimstone”

BY JAMES J. McCaffrey, '40

NIGHT, soft as velvet, steals over the world.

Beautiful to some, how terrifying it is to me. I hate it with a passionate hate which knows no equal. To me it signifies fear, destruction, death. It is the symbol of all that is revolting and cruel. Under the shelter of its black cloak, I nightly take wing on an errand of slaughter and bloodshed. Since the days of my youth, I have been taught that planes are not easily discerned at night even by sharp-eyed gunners. For years I have been trained in bombing so that in the dark I am as accurate with hundreds of pounds of high explosives as a skilled rifleman. As a boy of seventeen years, I gloried in my ability. I was proud of my achievement and scorned my less fortunate companions whose hands at the controls were less steady and whose eyes were less keen. I'm a man now. A few days ago I became twenty-one. A change has come over me which I find hard to understand. The tasks which I have heretofore performed eagerly in this war for civilization and which I have looked upon with pride and a sense of personal glorification, have become gradually more distasteful. Before, I was only too glad to do my duty in helping crush those who, as our leader says, sinned against the sanctity of our nation. I fancied myself as the avenging angel, the destroyer of Sodom and Gomorrah. But in the depths of my heart a question has arisen. Why all this killing and misery? To what end? I am not a thinker. For years I have followed orders, never considering their content, yet I cannot seem to drive this question from my mind.

Eleven-thirty. A thrill of power surges through my body as the swift beast beneath me roars to life. Slowly, with a practiced hand, I guide the heavily laden ship across the field. Faster and faster, and

at last the earth drops away, leaving me with only the steady, quiet hum of the motors as company. I have my orders. Twenty-five hundred pounds on Fontbleu, a little town just across the border. I went there once as a small child. I remember how my mother led me by the hand through the streets to the great cathedral where I knelt in wide-eyed adoration at the foot of the altar. It will make an easy mark tonight. I remember the little flower shop and the village square with its sparkling fountain and quaint, old buildings. It does not seem possible that I am to be the destroyer of all this. My spirit rebels, but I fly on. I am a soldier.

The first crash of anti-aircraft shells bursting beneath brings me to my senses, and my nerves become calm and steady, as they always do under fire. I gain altitude in order to keep out of range, and strain my eyes toward my objective. There it lies, silent and beautiful in the soft glow of the stars, the cathedral spire sharply outlined against the sky. I circle slowly and head down. There are few guns. My hand tightens on the bomb release. On the outskirts of the town I bank sharply and fly back, this time very low. My aim is good. Streets are torn up, houses blasted from their foundations, and the graceful cathedral is forever lowered. A shell explodes nearby, and another. The plane rocks violently. For a long moment the world seems to burst apart with a terrific flash and roar. In another instant the scene of ruin has been left behind, and I am on my way home. There are tears in my eyes as I turn for a last look at my work. I fight to keep from my mind the dreadful slaughter and misery I have caused. I see women and children, torn, mangled, and helpless, babies without food, and youths cut off in the prime of life. Thousands of them! Oh God, will it never

end? I curse the war, I curse all its leaders, and most of all I curse myself and the others like me, who do not have the courage to put an end to it all. But I am a soldier. I have visions of the praise I will receive from my superiors and companions. Such a thorough job! And necessary too, for our leader says that they have done wrong.

A Gift on Mother's Day

BY CRAIG P. GILBERT, '43

IT is 8:30 o'clock in the little town of Trockton, Indiana. It is May 11, and next day will be Mother's Day. This little community is typical of the small country town so often seen in the mid-west. The sun has gone down behind the steeple on the village church, but it leaves behind the ruddy glow that now dimly illuminates the front porch of the Franklin family, as it does the rest of the front porches on this street and others like it throughout the town.

Rover, the family's shaggy collie, stirs lazily in the fading sunlight, but he does not disturb his master Dick, who reads the funny-papers with a marked interest. Dick's mother looks up occasionally from her sewing to greet some passerby going to the only movie in town. Mr. Franklin, editor of the town newspaper, sits comfortably in his large arm-chair, smoking his pipe and thinking. This scene is repeated on front porches all the way down the street. From the radio of their neighbors, the Cooks, the Franklins can hear the strains of the latest hot tune played by Benny Goodman and his band direct from New York City. Dick finishes reading the funnies and starts playing with Rover on the front lawn.

The strains of music from the neighboring radio now cease, and the booming voice of a radio an-

nouncer is heard to read a bulletin from Europe concerning the foreign war. It seems that Holland and Belgium have both been invaded. Armed troops are already pushing past the borders to occupy the two countries. The glow left by the sun now completely disappears, leaving the darkness to add weight to the words of the announcer. Mr. and Mrs. Franklin exchange hurried, sidelong glances. Rover becomes restless. At 10:00 o'clock, the usual time for retiring, the family go to their respective rooms. Rover goes to his corner in the kitchen. He'd have to complain to the family. It was getting too hot to sleep indoors these days. It was past 12:00 o'clock, however, before Mrs. Franklin fell into a restless slumber. The radio bulletin had made a profound impression on her. . . Wasn't Dick almost fifteen years old. . . The previous war lasted four years. . . Will Dick have to grow up in a world rocked with shellfire, or will he be able to get the most he can from a world which has so much to offer. . . ?

Dick awoke the next morning thinking of only one thing. Did Al, the florist, deliver those flowers he had ordered to give his mother on Mother's Day. He dressed quickly, washed, and was downstairs just as Al drew up with the freshly cut flowers. He thanked Al, and started back to the door of the house. Half-way to the house he was hailed by Fred Thompson, who was delivering the morning paper. He took the paper from Fred saying that he would take it to the house himself. Inside the door he glanced at the headlines. They seemed extra large this morning. Oh, he didn't care much about this war news. He took the flowers upstairs to his mother, who was making the family beds. Didn't she know this was Mother's Day? "Here's a present, mother, from dad and me." Mrs. Franklin embraced her son, and in looking over his shoulder noticed the morning paper with its large headlines.

HITLER KILLED IN PLANE CRASH WHILE FLYING TO OCCUPY BELGIUM. ENEMY SURRENDERS. PRIME MINISTER PROMISES VERSAILLES TREATY WILL NOT BE REPEATED.

Why the Classics?

By A. LUDOVICUS ENO, '40

WHY bother your head with a language that no one, outside the Roman Catholic priesthood, speaks today? Why worry about something that has been dead for centuries, instead of the vital sciences of today? We, unfortunately, do not realize that Latin is a living language; yes, living today, and with good prospects of living for a long time to come. To be sure, it has undergone a metamorphosis, but now it is called Spanish, Italian, French, Portuguese (90% of these languages is based on Latin), and Rumanian (where the language is a direct survival of the tongue of the Eagle-bearing Roman legions quartered there). And as for Greek, why, that is still spoken in our barber shops and fruit stands. Are they dead languages because they have changed? Why, then, isn't English, which has changed considerably since the reign of the good King Alfred and the time of Geoffrey Chaucer?

One cannot realize the vitality of the classical languages until he has done more than scratch their surface. During the study of Latin I, conjugating *peto, petere, petivi, petitus* does not give one an insight into the beauty of the tongue of Cicero and Catullus. The second year spent with Caesar in Gaul is but a simply-drawn example of the art of the Romans. The *imperator*, while riding his horse across the Rhine could not, or did not, take time to polish his lines; still, what heart is not moved by memories of "*Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres...*"

It is not until one encounters the oratory of Cicero that he begins to appreciate the beauty of the Latin language. "*Quo usque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra...*?" This prose, shaped and polished by the greatest political orator of his day is matched only by Latin poetry. The verse of Ver-

gil "*Arma virumque cano*"—opens the door to Latin poetry for the student. When one reaches the point of studying the "Odes" and "Epodes" of Horace, and the poems of Catullus, then, especially, does he understand that Latin is *not* dead. The modern author who could write lyrics as Catullus did, would indeed be celebrated. No poet of today has ever written anything surpassing "*Ille mi par esse deo videtur*"... (a translation from the Greek of a poem said by Longinus ("on the sublime") to be not a passion, but a congress of passions); or "*Odi profanum volgus*": Horace's most famous ode, in which he scorns the rabble; or "*Eheu fugaces, Postume*"... (which is parodied by almost every modern author who knows Latin).

What we seldom realize is that, when he stood up in the Senate, Cicero did not have to grope for the rules governing the subjunctive; the words flowed hotly from his lips. In his time, men and women spoke Latin—odd as it may seem—just as we today speak English. And our language being derived from Latin and Greek, why shouldn't we study the history of our common tongue, just as we study the past history of races and the genealogy of our family?

The main reason for classical training, in addition to training the mind to think, is to build powers of imagination, analysis, appreciation and weighing of values, thus laying the foundations for the more mature study of Science. In other words, the classics develop that which is artistic in the man, before making him a machine. Think of the unfortunate traveler who does not know Latin, when he visits the State House on Beacon Hill and sees "*Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem*," or again, when he passes through the "University City" and is staggered by a host of inscriptions—

Veritas, Christo et Ecclesiae, and many, many others.

You may ask again: Why should I read books written hundreds of years ago by some antiquated literati? But, he is very far from antiquated; on the contrary, he is still avidly studied today. The world has not changed since Plato and Aristotle wrote their philosophy. In the realistic, material world of today, there is great need for the idealism of Plato's "Republic." Why is it that one-third of the world's 100 great books, as chosen by St. John's College, are in Latin or Greek? It is simply because what Herodotus and Marcus Aurelius had to say then is still of vital interest today. As a matter of fact, there is rising today new interest in a gentleman who lived some centuries before Ovid, the sage of the Dragon empire—Kong-Fu-Tse, better known as Confucius. The noted Oriental philosopher is credited with having spoken words of wisdom such as "chemist who falls in acid absorbed in work," *et cetera, ad nauseam*.

The argument may be brought up that it is much more practical to study chemistry or biology, or some other scientific subject, at the expense of the classical languages. But the world is so full of things that are supposed to be practical. I wonder if they really are. If you received a bad acid burn, would you remember enough of your school-day chemistry to know how to treat it?

George Bernard Shaw once said that "the value of an education is determined by the amount a man knows after he has forgotten all he has learned in school." James Hilton (Mr. Chips) goes on further to say, "Indeed, in a world in which the practical people are so busy doing things that had better not be done at all, there may even be some advantage in the sheer mundane uselessness of a classical education. Better the vagaries of *tollo* than those of a new poison gas; better to learn and forget our Latin verbs than to learn and remember our experimental chemistry; better by far we should forget and smile than that we should remember and be sad. So a classical education is "waste time" in

a world whose time had better be wasted than spent in many of its present activities." This eloquent, if emphatic, plea for Latin and Greek does not consider the good mankind has derived from the sciences, but does bring out very well the need of the continuation or restoration of classical education.

Then, too, it's not all the syntax you learn that counts, it's the appreciation of the Roman and Hellenic authors—Catullus, Pliny, Homer, Lucretius; it's the beautiful verse or two that you remember, and often have occasion to quote, that really matters.

Nor is Latin entirely a question of: "Now, therefore, there being many things to be done by Caesar,..." Instead of studying a translation of the "*Bello Gallico*" in a "trot," why not look up one of Franklin (F. P. A.) Adams' parodies of Horace? Permit me to quote one here:

"Persicos Odi"

"The pomp of the Persian I hold in aversion;
I hate their theatrical tricks;
Their garlicky wreathings and linden tree-things-
Nix.
Boy, me for the myrtle, while under this fertile
Old grapevine I mellowly sink,
As you and bibacious old Quintius Horatius
Drink."

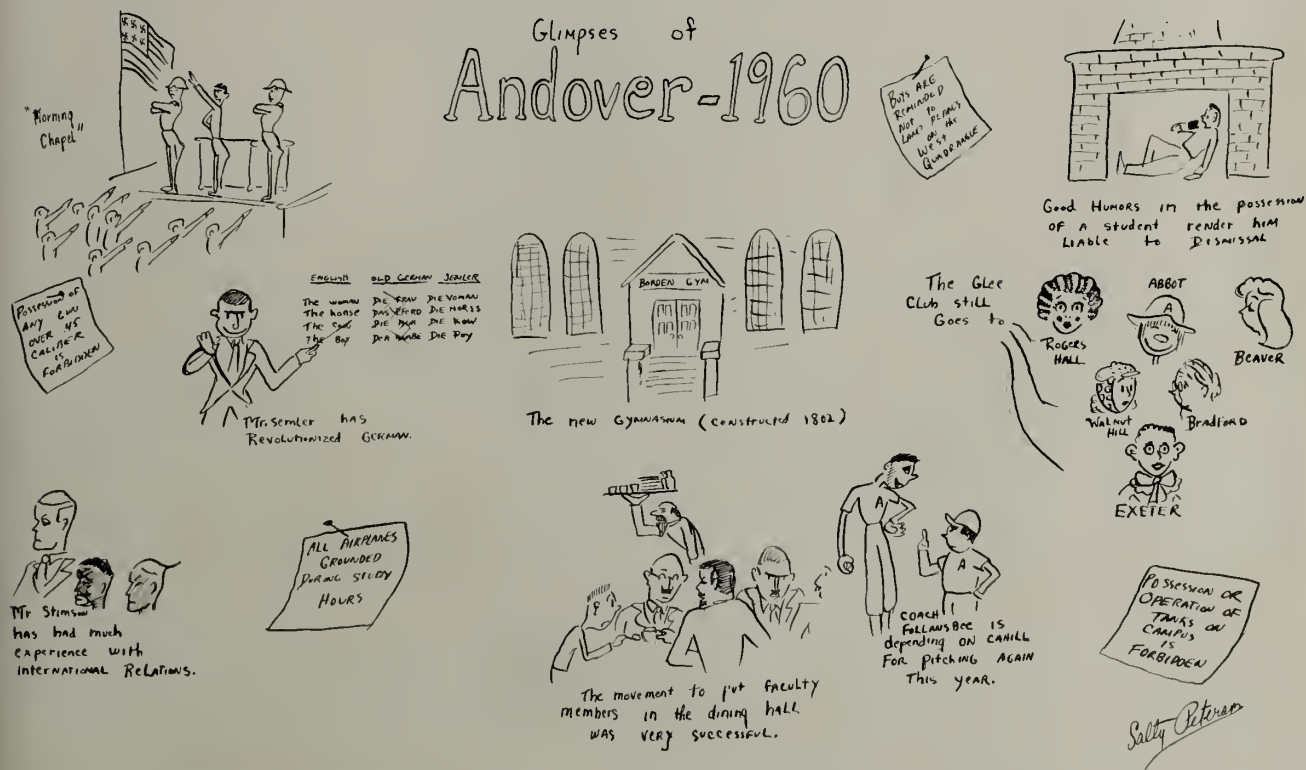
The main reason that so many students complain of Latin and Greek is that they have heard others complain before them. In fact, the state of mind you have will make the difference between a pass and an honor. If you feel that Latin is of no earthly use, that is indeed unfortunate; but if the study of Latin stands out as a vivid experience, then it has done its duty. Suppose it is a little hard; we go to school to train our minds to study, don't we?

And so, no matter what they (the pseudo-scientific-mathematicians) say, Latin and Greek
(Continued on Page 28)

BY WALTER J. P. CURLEY, JR., '40

I was shoved and carried along Madison Avenue (still trying to think of the ten-letter word) and finally found myself lined up against an armory

The officious one seemed to be satisfied and said,



"All right! Give them each a uniform, a gun, a pack, and the latest issue of *Film Fun*."

"Yes, general," a lacky whimpered.

The general then spread his chunky legs far apart with his riding crop behind his back and growled: "Now listen, all you; you've been physically passed and, as I see none of you playing with a pink yo-yo or swatting at flying zebras, I assume you're all mentally sound. You're in the army now and you're leaving in three hours for the other side—to fight; get it—FIGHT! Now get into that next room and receive your equipment."

Three or four thousand didn't understand English so they muddled around while the others of us jammed into the personnel department. I tripped over about five yo-yos but finally was given the outfit. One deaf and dumb fellow asked me with signs from his one good hand what it was all about. I shrugged my shoulders and found a tight khaki coat about them. I grabbed the *Film Fun* and duffle-bag and stood at attention with the rest, now fully clothed. I noticed one little boy of about twelve years in a great sack uniform futilely trying to protest that he was too young. Somebody got him interested in the magazine for a while, and he shut up.

Then we all marched down Fifth Avenue, passed Bonwit's, where my cousin works, by St. Patrick's, turning, halting, backing around, and finally to Pier 14 where our ship was to be. We saw no ship but were herded into an old warehouse. A great shudder shook the old frame and the thing seemed to move. About the fifth day out at sea we discovered that our troop-ship was camouflaged like an old fruit warehouse to deceive our enemies.

We slept 13 in a bunk on that boat, but I enjoyed it muchly because it was the first time I'd ever been on a sea-faring vessel. We never saw daylight (the windows were all painted black) so we sat down below for a week, playing odds or even. One loony said he saw the sun once, but the doctor slapped

him in steels for being "sea-sappy." We got across without a scratch, but picked up a good deal of our own scratches in those crawling little cooties. We landed at Brest, and, as we came from our quarters into the daylight, a terrific, strange stench hit our nostrils. Our captain told us it was fresh air and to shut up. We were in France.

The general mercifully told us to take leave, to enjoy ourselves, to paint the town red, and to be back in 15 minutes. There was a lot of rejoicing as we raced into town, grabbed a few wines, kidded a few mam'zelles, and ran back to duty. I think the thing that impressed me most in France was the fact that even the little kids of 9 or 10 could speak French...and fast! And our dumb American kids even can't speak it after college! The general told us to pull ourselves together (the 12-year-old was tipsy) since we were leaving for the front.

The front of what I don't know...but it was plenty noisy out there. We lived in trenches with bombs and bullets flying around "toojoors." One day while we lined up for inspection a darn bomb blew a couple of thousand of the guys all over. We had to pick up the captain with a blotter, which the general very kindly sent home to his bereaved wife. It was awful disgusting; I didn't eat for a day. (And I often wondered about that hash we had a week after!) The last I saw of the twelve he was still trying to tell the Sarg he was too young when a piece of shrapnel took both their lids off slick. Things got worse because some sneak-thief stole my *Film Fun*. I found him out one day and told him right to his face that I saw right through him. I wasn't far wrong for soon after a shell tore out his section from his tie to his garters.

I shot about 13 gross of Germans altogether, but they kept coming, so we retreated. There were only four of us and the general left. He was sort of disgusting because his lower jaw had been gone with the wind, and he couldn't eat so well. I wasn't feel-

(Continued on Page 28)

The Place of Religion in School Life

BY JOHN SHERRARD BRITAIN, '40

HOW much schoolboys should be exposed to religion has been hotly debated for years. Some say they should be given a good dose of it, while others deny that it does any good, and should be abandoned as a hopeless cause. I too have my theory about the subject.

To say that a boy is religious or has an understanding of religion, is to my mind foolish. Although we are physically men, we are still mentally immature to some extent. To be able to grasp so profound a subject as religion is beyond most of us. It has driven some men crazy, enlightened others, and left still others as bewildered as when they first began to think about it. A comprehension of religion, or even an understanding of a small detail of it comes only after years of experience. What experience have we of eighteen years or so had? We have seen little of the world and its ways, and at that, it has only been the better side. Religion is too closely connected with philosophy, with the whole meaning of life, to be a matter capable of being dealt with by our young and inexperienced minds. If the subject were so simple as to be grasped by us at our age, it would not have continued to be the greatest problem attacked by men of learning throughout the centuries, but would have been solved and thoroughly understood years ago.

What happens to be religion in the schoolboy is only an outward show. There is no understanding involved. What one sees in us is the result of being told what to believe in Sunday School and at home. Boys say they believe in God because their parents do, much as one reads the *New York World Telegram* because his father does, or another goes to Yale because it is the family tradition. There is no original thought brought to play on the question.

Without criticising Catholicism, and as one who knows little of that faith, and, therefore, may be wrong, I say that the reason young Catholics appear more devout than members of other sects is because they have been more fully exposed to religion and the Bible than others. But it does not follow that they have a more deep and sincere understanding.

Some of us, because of a lack of comprehension, are agnostics, as I profess to be. At the present time it happens to be in my nature that I should believe so. If I had been someone else, I might have accepted belief in God blindly, as others do. As it is, I have a somewhat practical mind, and cannot bring myself to grasp something as infinite and as indefinite as God. For me at present biology and the sciences explain the existence of the universe well enough.

Yet I do not believe religious training in school should be dispensed with, but find in what I have already said a good reason for it. My disbelief in God is not the result of my not believing that a god exists, but rather because I have no definite proof of it. I have nothing which I can put my hands on to prove that He is there. There are others about me, older than myself, who most assuredly believe that there is a God, and, if I were to deny this, I would be calling those who are more wise than I crazy, which I doubt they are. So out of respect to my elders, and because I have no proof He does not exist, just as I have no proof He does, I believe that if there is a God, he will show himself to me sometime in the future; and until He does, I shall remain an agnostic. This idea is not farcical. Leo Tolstoy, up to middle age, lived a life of dissipation, caring little about religion. But then suddenly he changed and took up the gospel with

the zeal of a fanatic. When and if this change occurs in my case, I want to have a background which will enable me to more easily understand the subject, and this background can most easily be gained now, in school.

Just how this revelation will take place I cannot tell, not having had a similar experience. I imagine that at some point in my life I will reach a crisis where I will be utterly lost as to where to turn or what to do. Then, at that time, somehow, somehow God will reveal himself to me. But unless I have some background, something to cause me to look for Him, I may go on bewildered forever.

Puppy Love

BY C. B. JELLINGHAUS, '40

At Fifty East there lived a pup
Of six or seven weeks
Who told the world, "I'm growing up,"
In adolescent squeaks.

He learned to chew and bite and yap;
He even learned to growl.
Alas, though, at the slightest tap
The pup was apt to howl.

And soon the "young un" learned to bark
(He thought he was a "man");
He learned to romp in Central Park
With others of his clan.

The next step in his life was love
(The puppy now was grown);
And on the wings of winds above
To him *her* scent was blown.

He saw her by the traffic light
(Corner, Eighty-seven).
Her fur was curled; her eyes were bright.
Her scent was sent from Heaven.

He courted her for weeks on end;
He loved the beauty madly.
His morning walks with her he'd spend—
But lo! All ended sadly.

For underneath an elm on Park
She spied an adult male.
His tail was long; his fur was dark;
Her love for Pup grew stale.

And on the wings of winds above
His scent blew from the tree. . .
'Tis thus the case with puppy love:
The fickle one is she.

The damsel left her younger beau.
A heart-string sounded, "Zing."
His mind was sick; his head hung low—
Ah death, where is thy sting?

* * * * *

With drooping tail and lolling tongue
The lover sad was found
(What a pity to be young!)
Outside the City Pound.

Wings of Wax

BY WILLIAM SNOWER, JR., '40

Icarus took his wings; into
The sky he soared. The middle course
For him has naught; the sun does woo
Him on and on with growing force.

That great, magnetic ball on high,
To glory, truth, one is to bow.
With joy and hope, without a sigh,
Can Icarus ever falter now?

Not strength and strain, or spirit lacks;
But as he nears the goal divine,
The fire melts the wings of wax.
Are wax those hopeful wings of mine?

The Freeport Heresy

BY WILLIAM B. MACOMBER, '40

THE place is Freeport, Illinois. The date is August 27, 1858. A huge crowd has gathered around a speaker's platform and is impatiently awaiting the start of one of the favorite pastimes of the West. They have come from far and wide to hear this outdoor political debate. The crowd is made up for the most part of people whose fathers were frontiersmen, for though the frontier itself has moved westward from Illinois into Kansas and Nebraska, this is one of the many customs it has left behind. In the old days it was known as stump speaking, for then, two politicians aspiring to the same office would simply mount stumps in a clearing and argue for the benefit of any who wanted to listen. Now the speakers' platform has replaced the stumps, but nothing else has been changed. The fury, the heated controversy, the barbed and damaging questions, the bitingly clever replies, all are retained. Thirty years ago hundreds of bitter, politically biased and divided people flocked to these outdoor debates hoping to see "their man" trap his clever political opponent. Now their sons, even more bitter and divided, come by the thousands for the same purpose.

But this is not just another political debate. It is a very special one indeed. It is the second of a series of seven debates between the two leading contestants for a seat in the United States Senate, and it has brought together two of the most interesting figures in the history of this country. One of these men has already achieved great fame and respect throughout the nation. He is a leading member of the Democratic party—the dominant party of the day. He is recognized as one of the greatest political orators of all time. His name is Stephen A. Douglas. He has held numerous high political positions, has been a State Supreme Court justice, a United States Congressman and for the past

twelve years an important member of the United States Senate. Many political observers have followed his career with keen interest, and most of them feel he is destined to succeed James Buchanan and become the next President of the United States.

Douglas's opponent is at this time comparatively unknown, although in less than seven years he will fall from an assassin's bullet and be mourned throughout the world as the greatest American since George Washington. He is awkward, ungainly, extremely homely, the butt of many jokes, and the subject of much degrading criticism. His name is Abraham Lincoln. His record so far has been unimpressive, his only achievement being one term in Congress, and even this was spoiled by the fact that he was badly beaten for reelection at the end of his two years. Until recently, he has always had a tendency to let things slide. Now, however, a great change has come over him. His own firm convictions, together with the constant nagging and urging of his wife, have at last stirred his ambition and driven him into action.

Now a ripple of excitement passes through the immense crowd. The debate is about to begin. Abe Lincoln is going to speak first. Slowly he rises to his feet and walks to the front of the platform. He begins to speak, and for a time his voice is high and shrill. This at first produces titters among the crowd, but these soon die away as they listen to what he is saying. The main issue of the day is slavery, and Lincoln takes a definite stand against it. Brilliantly he answers the questions which had been asked by Douglas in his concluding speech a week ago, during the first debate of their series. The crowd applauds. He has held his own against the "little giant." Now he concludes his speech by asking a series of questions which Douglas himself must try to answer. The second of these is the most

important. Slowly he states the carefully worded question: "Can the people of a United States Territory, in any lawful way, against the wishes of a citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a State constitution." He states his remaining questions and amid a din of applause once more takes his seat.

Stephen A. Douglas now rises to his feet. A great contrast is presented as the "little giant" steps to the front of the platform. He is the exact opposite of his Republican opponent. Short and heavy in figure, immaculately and stylishly dressed, he is a brilliant and fluent speaker. He begins with a short introduction and then starts to answer Lincoln's questions. However, he is at all times governed by the fact that his party to stay in power must please the South as well as the North. He has, therefore, to be extremely careful in what he says about slavery in order not to anger either of these two sections. Lincoln's party, on the other hand, looks only to the North for support; so its stand against slavery can be much more definite. In spite of this handicap, however, Douglas successfully answers the first question. Now he comes to the second and all-important one. If he answers in the affirmative, he will please his northern audience, and in all probability assure himself of his senatorial election. By doing so, however, he will gain the enmity of the South and, therefore, ruin his presidential chances in 1860. If on the other hand he answers the question in the negative, his northern audience will become enraged and probably elect Lincoln (the "Black Republican") to the Senate in his place. This defeat would be a great blow to the political career of the "little giant." Lincoln can lose the election and still gain prestige for himself and the Republicans, but Douglas's party is old and powerful, and his defeat by an upstart would therefore be fatal to his political future. Douglas bluffs, repeats the question, pretends that it is so absurd that he cannot understand why Lincoln has asked it. Finally he can stall no longer—he must give his answer: "—in my opinion the people of a

territory can by lawful means exclude slavery from their limits prior to the formation of a State constitution." He has answered in the affirmative! The Freeport Heresy has been committed! Douglas will be elected to the Senate, but he has gained the undying hatred of the South. The die is cast, the stage is set, and nothing can be altered now. Douglas answers Lincoln's other questions during the remainder of the speech. They are to meet five times again before the campaign is over, and they will meet again in 1860 as the two leading candidates for the highest position in the land. But the issue is decided; Douglas has split his party.

As the great crowd at Freeport slowly dissolves, few of the spectators realize that a life-long struggle between these two men has reached its climax and is decided. They were admitted to the Illinois bar on the same day. They have opposed each other at every step of their careers. They even wanted to marry the same girl. Lincoln won the girl but had lost in every other respect until today. Now, however, his political star is destined to soar with great rapidity to undreamed of heights, while that of his great rival sinks slowly but steadily into oblivion.

Afternoon and Dusk in the Mountains

BY M. R. HEINTZELMAN, '40

IT was still early afternoon when he left the small chalet and walked out into the sunny valley. Around him towered the mountains covered with brilliant green pasture, while in the north, towards the end of the valley, he could perceive the glistening whiteness of the great glacier, which towered so high that its top was quite lost in the clouds. The sky was blue, with that lucidity which is seen only at high altitudes, and almost dazzling white clouds dotted the mountain top. As he looked around he saw no habitation except his own; be-

sides this he saw no humanity, but if he strained his ears a little he could hear the slight tinkle of cow bells, accompanying a sad cowherd's pipe, somewhere high up a mountain pasture. Thoroughly happy in his loneliness, he began to walk up the west slope at an easy pace, once in a while turning around and looking down at his dwelling place; he thought about the serene calmness of the place, marvelled at the strangeness of untouched beauty, which, to him, in its radiant joy seemed to laugh at man and his civilization...indeed, laugh with pity.

He continued to climb as the afternoon wore on and finally gained the ridge of the mountain, where before him he perceived a still deeper valley, thousands of feet below. As he turned around, his eyes swept in a great circle and all he could see were the surrounding mountains, some low and dark, others high and snow-peaked.

As dusk fell, clouds formed beneath him so that the two valleys, before and behind him, were covered. He could see no vestige of civilized structures or roads. Sitting down quietly, he watched the sinking sun, which in its setting glory, painted the sky in supernatural colors. From east to west the sky started with deep blue, shading into a lighter tint, then changing suddenly to pink, finished with an imposing horizon of crimson. As the dark shadows of the mountains swung in their mighty arcs, he stood there watching the movements of these great dead giants. Finally the sun disappeared, and all was dark except for a red glow in the west on the distant white ridge. He glanced once more in that direction, and filling his lungs with the fresh evening air, he could not help saying aloud: "...God!"



Editorial—The Old School Tie

MARSHMAN EDITORIAL

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THE only word for what the British have done to the European War is "botched." They have botched the whole affair. England has been completely outwitted by the Germans, simply because her ministers were too gullible to realize that there are a few people in this world who are not English, who are not sporting, and who do not wear an old school tie. The basic British trouble is the presence of too many old school ties. Neville Chamberlain, a very admirable man, is unfortunately too deeply filled with the ideas of his brother Austin and David Lloyd George, who always believed that the sun would never set on the Empire. We must face the facts; the sun is setting. And if England doesn't do something, if she doesn't act, if she doesn't become as ruthless as her German enemies, she will never see morning again.

Ruthlessness is the point. A ruthless German defeats England because he *is* ruthless, because he ignores or doesn't even know a code of ethics. England must learn to do without her ethics; she must take off the old school tie for a few years; if she doesn't, she will ultimately be hanged with it.

The theory of the *blitzkrieg* is a perfect one for Germany to have hit on. It amazes the British intellect; immediate action is what England hates; she likes to talk things over, have a discussion in Parliament, delay, waste a little time, be cautious, look before you leap, muddle through, muddle through, muddle through. When the lightning strikes, she is paralyzed for forty-eight hours; then her creaky joints begin to bend; she yawns—and finally the Grand Fleet puts out from Scapa Flow.

What the British need is a little nerve and a little quick thinking; England needs a man with the ability of a Nelson and the daring of a Hotspur. Think of the Germans—calmly sailing up to Oslo—a few ships against the fire of all the perfectly-armed harbor forts. Yet not a fort fired. Think of the bravado, of the risk, of the superhuman bluff

that took Norway! Can the British do that? They can't, or at least they haven't. If they don't start soon, if they don't risk a little more to gain a little more, if they don't think first instead of merely acting out a role they have to play after others have thought and acted, they are going to find themselves without a country. In the last war they were almost beaten; in this one they may not be quite so lucky. If something isn't done soon, in truth the lights of Europe will never be lit again in our time; for England's back is to the wall, whether she knows it or not. She cannot afford to lose this war, for if she does, it will be her finish, and the nation of Thomas à Becket, William Shakespeare, Samuel Johnson, and Victoria the Great will be under the rule of an Austrian house painter who was born a bastard.

Prayer

BY GEORGE STEPHENSON, '40

Great England, mistress of the ocean wave,
 Fair, awe-inspiring, beauty-laden land,
 E'er blest with poet's voice, thine heirloom grand,
 Beloved of God, who thee fine bounties gave;
 O'er all the world, o'er every fourth doth reign
 Thy power: where stands an emperor's grave,
 A peasant's lowly hut, a church's nave,
 A pagan temple, there is thy domain.
 Yet even more than these God for thee plann'd,
 E'en more than far dominion o'er the main—
 He found for thee a wife, thy greatest gain,
 Fair Liberty, whom godless men withstand.

May God His ancient gifts 'gainst these protect,
 And every nation God, not man, elect!



Whence the Hawaiians?

BY DAVID CHAVCHAVADZE, '42

IN the middle of January, 1778, an array of natives was drawn up on a hill on the island of Kauai, gazing seaward. The chiefs with their yellow feather-cloaks gleaming like gold in the setting sun, the men with tall spears casting a lengthening shadow on the ground, all stood with their eyes riveted toward the west. For there, silhouetted against the sinking sun, was a huge three-masted sailing canoe, bearing down on this island of the Hawaiian Archipelago. It was the flagship of the squadron of Captain Cook, the great British discoverer, who, although not the first white man to land on Hawaiian shores, was the first to inform the world of these beautiful tropical islands and their interesting inhabitants. When Cook landed in Hawaii, there had already grown up a caste of native aristocrats, slightly lighter of skin than the other Hawaiians, who were descendants of mariners shipwrecked in the islands and deified by the awe-stricken natives in times long past.

This January day in the latter half of the eighteenth century marked the beginning of written history in the Hawaiian Islands. Two years later the mighty conqueror, Kamehameha I, was to mount the throne of Hawaii and force the other islands under his rule, starting a dynasty which lasted until 1874 and a kingdom that was overthrown in 1893, when Hawaii became a possession of the United States. Kamehameha's descendants, far from being native chieftains, were received as early as 1820 in the leading courts of Europe. In fact, King Kamehameha II died in London during a state visit.

Before Captain Cook's discovery of the islands, the Hawaiian chants, handed down from father to son through the centuries, are our only clues as to the ancient history of the islands, and of the origin of the Hawaiians themselves as a race, a question which has puzzled science for many years.

Whence came the Hawaiians? Anthropologists have said at various times that they were originally a tribe of Mayans, or a group of Persians, who trekked across Asia and then to Hawaii in small boats; and one theory even claims that the present-day islanders are the descendants of a lost tribe of Israel. This theory, which has been put forth about almost every race, from the Ethiopians to the Anglo-Saxons, has its foundations in the fact that the religious rites of the Hawaiians and the Hebrews had a marked similarity. The Hawaiians as well as the Jews and many other peoples have a story of their creation and of a great deluge, the Noah of which, by a strange coincidence, is called Nu-u.

To the Hawaiians themselves there is no mystery about their origin. They believe that there was once a great continent in the Pacific Ocean, still referred to in the chants as "the Hawaii that sleeps under the sea." It was swallowed up in a great flood, and Nu-u with a small band of survivors landed on the various mountain tops, which became the islands of the Pacific. Easter Island and its mysterious great stone images are another fact to support this fascinating theory, which is believed by many men of science. The opposite theory to this one, which is still believed by some, is that the islands are the results of the labors of myriads of little corals, which have been building them up for countless years. The oldest of the chants often mention persons and places whose significance has been lost; they are thought to have been located on the lost continent.

Unless new facilities for diving to enormous depths for archaeological data are invented, "the Hawaii that sleeps under the sea" will remain forever a shadowy memory of the distant, prehistoric past. Until then, we can puzzle over the cryptic phrase of the Hawaiian story of the creation:

"We sprang from Night, from moving space."



Stut

BY CHARLES L. LARKIN, JR., '40

IT wasn't that he disliked languages, and it wasn't that he disliked his teacher. It was just—. Oh, he could not figure it out; he had tried, but somehow, somewhere something stopped him. Something inside. He could not correct it now.

George Stockwood knew he must overcome his ailment soon. He could not go on doing worse and worse in German, knowing failure meant no diploma.

One day he remembers very distinctly, I am sure. He remembers how badly he translated, how his teacher breathed deeply through his nose to show his disapproval, and thundered, "Come on!" George could not speak. It was neither from fear nor lack of knowledge that this silence came. Instead, his lips were frozen, his tongue seemed immovable, too large for his mouth. His jaw locked and each muscle of his neck drew taut. His ears rang from the silence. George knew his doom. It had happened before in German class. He must merely wait for that well-known deep breath of exasperation, for a "come on," for silence, and then for "Dawson, perhaps you can translate that."

George Stockwood remembers how his mind no longer followed the translation and how he turned his head slightly to hide the blur in his eyes—tears of self-pity he knew. He remembers his thinking, "I don't dislike him; it's not the teacher; it's me! What can I do? How can I redeem myself? How can I explain? Can he understand?"

This was the time, he knew, to do what he had so many times planned. Quickly he would stand, face the class and that teacher, and tell them what the reason was.

He'd give them something they wouldn't forget. He knew his tongue would not fail him then; his anger would see to that. Then all of them would understand. Nobody would laugh any more at his awkward silence. They all would know.

Never did George Stockwood dare face them;

never did he show them. Why? Because he looked at himself from the outside, seeing himself as others saw him. He realized just how foolish it would look for him to stand up there and explain.

There was another day, too, which George Stockwood will never forget. He was at a dance and was having a wonderful time. Since he was a congenial character and handsome, it was not unnatural that he should meet a pretty girl. They were nearly alone on a porch where they had gone to cool off after the confusion of the ballroom. As the conversation usually drifts with new acquaintances of this day and age, each asked the other about school. Finally she said, "Do you like it there?" Answering, George said, "Yes, I do, but." He had meant to stop with "yes, I do," except, somehow, the "but" had slipped out. Leaning forward with her hands on the railing and turning, she looked up into his face and asked softly, "But what?" With a quick resolution he decided to tell her. What would it matter? Most likely they would never meet again. He would take a chance; perhaps she could understand and give him courage; perhaps telling someone—any one—would relieve him.

Gravely he said, "Oh, it's only that I stut—," and he turned his head away in shame.

"The Trout Stream"

(With apologies to Tennyson)

BY ARLEIGH D. RICHARDSON, '40

I come from haunts of coot and hern.
I make a sluggish sally.
I dribble out along the turn,
To slush down through the valley.

Till past the city lurge I flow
To join the brimming river
All filled with garbage scraps, I know,
Which float about forever.

I chatter over dirty ways
In little flats and trebles.
I bubble into stagnant bays.
I slobber over pebbles.

I chatter, chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river;
And men may fish, and men may row,
But catch a trout? No, never.

I slip, I slide, I dip, I veer
Among my scummy swallows,
I make the dusty sunbeam fear
To touch my muddy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In rooty wildernesses.
No trout lie on my sandy bars,
Because I grow no cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
And men may fish, and men may row,
But catch a trout? No, never!

"The Surge and Thunder"

BY GEORGE STEPHENSON, '40

Relentless pounding on a barren shore
Of crested billows, moaning o'er the deep,
Great, foaming travelers, that know not sleep,
But chant unceasing music evermore
And mingle with the ocean winds, that roar
And stir to turmoil restless floods and steep
With motion countless surging mains and heap
Wild strands with sounding waters, dark and hoar:
Oh listen, hear! it is the voice divine
Of Homer, bard immortal, though in life
Unknown, yet singing e'er his deathless tales,
Ulysses' wand'rings and Achilles' strife;
Oh hear his voice! the sound of seas and gales,
Inspiring tones, like incense sweet and wine.

Refugee

By EDMOND E. HAMMOND, JR., '40

HAD I not attended a symphony before, the sea of sounds which surges to my ears might cause an unpleasant sensation, as it did so many years ago during my student days at Andover, when I first had the occasion to hear a really first-class symphony orchestra. But since then, after these many symphony seasons, such a melee of pre-concert sounds has lost its original confusing effect and now causes a quickening of the pulse, a stimulation of the senses, in anticipation, perhaps, of the aesthetic experience to follow. Being without a companion, I settle back into my seat and bathe in the babble of conversation about me. Continued and excited voices, muffled disturbances as starched front and furry wrap find their seats, the faint, hidden stroking of a violin string as some artist hurriedly tunes his instrument—eager anticipation fills the hall, for tonight Maestro Wolfgang Rubens is guest conductor.

For me, eagerness is mingled with delightful reminiscences, because this is the anniversary of that day when I made the acquaintance of Maestro Rubens, and in so doing, initiated a friendship of long standing. As I have said, my first exposure to symphony orchestras occurred when I was an adolescent, but this first concert was deeply involved with my meeting Wolfgang. It was during one of those vacation periods, which I now recall as having been such a relief from school routine, that I was travelling home through the Middle West by day coach. Soon after the train had pulled out several late arrivals came walking through the cars looking for the odd seats, and among their number was a dark boy of medium height and, to all outward appearances, not much older than I. I must have gazed rather intently at him as I unconsciously evaluated his potentialities as a wrestler: his slim hips, full chest, powerful shoulders, and rather

thick neck gave him the appearance of extreme masculinity. As he almost apologetically slid into the seat beside me, I detected from the soft, curly black hair and the tender dark complexion that, although a masculine type, he yet lacked maturity, and also that he was some sort of foreigner. This deduction was confirmed when I offered him a friendly American greeting and he turned to acknowledge it softly in imperfect English while an uncertain smile played over his eyes. I noticed his hands; they were long-fingered, and the fingers were spatulate-tipped, as though he had spent many hours at the piano. The whole flavor of his personality had a cultured and exotic taste.

Soon, under the influence of my prying Yankee attitude, which he might have found offensive if he had not wanted so much to talk to someone of his own age, conversation was started and flowed continually on for an hour or two. Bit by bit, the threads of conversation were woven into a pattern of my companion's life. Of Viennese birth (and probably with faint traces of Semitic ancestry, as events turned out), Wolfgang was the son of Leopold Rubens, oboist under Bruno Walter in the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. As a result of the general unpleasantness pursuant to the German occupation, the family had hurriedly quit Austria and had come to America, where friends had taken them in. Young Wolfgang, to his father's delight, showed exceptional musical talent, and had distinguished himself in his studies at the State Conservatory.

Having concluded a none too delicious or, for that matter, none too expensive, meal in the dining car, we found our way back to our seats amid a lull in our conversation. As I settled back comfortably in my seat, force of habit caused me to break out absent-mindedly into a subdued whistle. The

melody was from Mozart's *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*, which I had heard the previous evening over the radio, and whose themes had been running through my head all that day. Suddenly Wolfgang turned to me with a critical expression on his face and held up his graceful hand:

"No," he said, "that phrase is not correct. Like this."

And he proceeded to whistle the same theme, correcting my misplaced emphasis and wrong notes with such delicate sense of rhythm that I immediately suspected that he was already quite familiar with the score of that very delightful serenade.

My music lesson ended, we talked about composers and music and his career, and through his modest admissions I learned that on the continent he had been considered a youthful prodigy with all the faculties for a brilliant future career until international difficulties had arisen. By this time my spontaneous affection for Wolfgang was being tempered by a deep respect for his profound musical abilities, which were to be even more clearly demonstrated at a later time. Soon we reached our mutual destination in the great automobile center of R—, he to study under the eminent conductor, Sir Augustus Kendall-Smith, and I to see my family once more; it was accordingly suggested that he spend the first night in his new environment at my home until he might find suitable lodging. This agreed, Wolfgang insisted that I accompany him to the concert to be given that night by the R— Symphony, as he was anxious to see his new music master, and seemed at the same time to have taken an interest in my own musical development, an interest which, to this day, he has not relinquished.

That evening found us both in the swirling chatter of the great auditorium before the concert. To him, although in a completely foreign society, the surroundings seemed quite familiar; to me everything was confused, and obvious expectancy on the part of the crowd for something unfamiliar to

On Listening to Good Music

BY JEROME PRESTON, '40

My body rests completely in my chair;
 In sweet repose I dwell in thought alone
 For in this happy moment, all my care
 From my horizon silently has flown.
 And in this state my fancy takes its flight;
 I view an Oriental scene and hear
 Exotic tongues, or see, in awful height
 A towering mountain, mighty and austere.
 And oft I feel emotions pure and strong,
 They're sheer delight, for they are like a dream
 That's pleasurable and passes soon along;
 The effortless enjoyment is supreme.
 For music which my fancy does impel
 Has wondrous power thus to weave a spell.

Dawn of Night

BY DEAN HOLT, '43

The dank, dull, grey world of the aftersun
 Seems more peaceful than the brightness of the
 mid-day . . .
 It envelops you in its countless, gathering folds . . .
 The opaque, blackish-grey mists, scudding along in
 shapeless mass,
 Wrap you in a restful, sweetly noisy world
 Overgrown with the green-grey of the meadow field
 And the black, shutting shadows of the crouching
 trees . . .
 The horizon is but a vague line merging with the
 tops of nearer trees.
 . . . This swirling fogginess of the last light.



(Continued on Page 29)

Rest Be Our Destiny

BY A. LOUIS ENO, '40

MANIFEST Destiny . . . the carrying of the blessings of American civilization and culture to our little brown brothers to the Southward, and our little red brothers to the Westward. This perverted idea of imperialism originated not with Polk, the Expansionist, nor with Hamilton, the Federalist, nor even with Adams, the Revolutionist. It came into being centuries before Columbus stumbled upon the New World, when the haughty son of Philip of Macedon wept because he had no more worlds to conquer. Alexander the Great had subdued the universe, and had placed it under the protective Macedonian sword. Then, Caesar Augustus carried the blessings of Roman civilization to the faraway Britons, and built a wall around them to protect them from the barbarians of the North. Today, a modern Caesar is attempting to spread the benefits of Roman culture to such backward lands as Ethiopia and Albania.

Manifest Destiny was the justification of the corporal Bonaparte, and of all the other thieves and highwaymen from the dawn of history. But never has a nation been so blindly attracted to these appealing words as has America. President after president has flattered the American people with this glittering phrase. It has been used at every intervention for the good of our little brothers, but, curiously, our little brown brothers don't seem to appreciate it. Polk used it when he warred on Mexico; McKinley used it when he interfered in Cuba; Roosevelt used it when he wielded his "big stick" around the Caribbean; Wilson used it to justify his "watchful waiting" in Mexico, and many of the "Great White Fathers" used the term to justify the exploitation of the American Indian.

Manifest Destiny was the guiding light behind

the Monroe Doctrine; Mr. Monroe said, "America for Americans," but he forgot to say, "South America for South Americans." So, Teddy Roosevelt, the "Trust-buster" and "Rough rider," took it for granted that we had the duty of taking over South American governments in times of crisis, and acted accordingly. In 1905, the Dominican Republic couldn't pay her foreign debts. Consequently, we had to take over their revenue system,—for their own good, of course, but over their objection—meanwhile making a nice profit for ourselves . . . all under Manifest Destiny.

Manifest Destiny is not only an old maxim. It is still referred to today. It is what made John Bull, the sovereign of the seas. Manifest Destiny is what Hitler means when he says he takes over territories to protect the German minority.

Manifest Destiny is the seductive, beautiful, irresistible, treacherous power, drawing on nation after nation, and civilization upon civilization, to founder on the rocks of Time. No country has yet cheated its magnetic might, and no country ever shall. So long as the American people cling to this twisted notion of their duty, the men who fought and died that America might live—Benjamin Franklin, Nathan Hale, Paul Revere—will not rest at ease in their graves. But, if this great, peace-loving people puts aside its mistaken ideas of making the world safe for democracy before insuring it at home; if America cleans out her own backyard, before sticking her nose into somebody else's; if we rest peaceful and serene within the bounds Dame Nature has set for us, and keep the great "melting-pot" from boiling over and seeping into other lands; if we abandon our false ideals, and adopt a real "American way" of life; if we

stay at home and mind our own business (and only our own) then, even after the British oak has been uprooted, and the fleur-de-lis of France has wilted, the standard of the stars and stripes shall continue to float over this republic, "one, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Escape to Life

BY BRADFORD WAGNER, '43

IT was late in the evening way past closing time that an elderly couple sat hunched over a small cash register in a little shop in Berlin.

"Well, Henry," said Frau Kremlin to Herr Kremlin. "We made fifty marks today. That brings the total up to forty-five thousand."

"Yah, Helga. We ought to be able to leave tomorrow. Now I have a little plan. . ."

Now by all appearances the Kremmins were good Nazis. They "heiled" Hitler as zealously as anyone else; they were always right up in front cheering when "der fuehrer" rode by. But this faithfulness was simply show, simply for their own survival. Like all other good Germans, deep down in their hearts they hated Hitler and all that he stood for. Like everyone else their hate was mingled with a certain fear.

But unlike most Germans the Kremmins had that indomitable spirit that characterized our own forefathers. They were determined to have those privileges of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" to which all human beings are entitled. With these ideas in mind they had labored diligently for years until they had saved enough money to realize their desires.

It was a bright, clear day when Henry, with a large bandage on his leg, entered the railroad station. Their train arrived on time and they boarded it, appearing outwardly nonchalant, but feeling

boundlessly joyous within. The train pulled out, and they were on their way toward freedom and happiness.

They talked cheerfully on the trip to the border. Everything had previously been arranged; passports, motives for traveling, and the duration of stay. The Kremmins couldn't help holding their breath when they stopped at the last town in Germany. They were now only two miles from liberty.

But just as the train was about to leave, two Nazi police entered calling for Frau and Herr Kremlin. It was as if a great boulder had crushed the two old people. They identified themselves briefly and were told that they were under arrest for attempting to leave the country with forty-five thousand marks. The police told them, moreover, that they had received a note stating that the money was hidden in Herr Kremlin's bandaged leg.

The Kremmins were taken back to Berlin and Herr Kremlin's bandage was roughly torn off; the officials discovered nothing except a badly swollen leg. They were allowed to return home that evening.

The next morning they were driven to the station by two highly apologetic policemen. Herr Kremlin smiled slyly to his wife as he felt the forty-five thousand mark notes wrapped in the bandage on his leg.

Exchanges

CURIOSLY enough, Spring Fever didn't seem to rear its ugly head as much this year as in the past, possibly because of the inconsiderate weather, and the fact that those of us who are Seniors are suddenly confronted with the imminence of leaving the security and comparatively restful atmosphere of prep-school to take our insignificant places in a jittery world. In spite of this,

however, the outlook on the literary side seems fairly optimistic, and as yet the war has not produced a legion of verbiage designed to tug at the heart-strings.

The editorial of the May issue of the St. Mark's *Vindex* is one of the most clearly-reasoned and sensible comments that we have seen emerge from the pen of a prep-school editor, and while we don't agree wholeheartedly with the sentiments expressed, we note with gratification the absence of emotional unbalance. It treats the subject of America's connection with the war as objectively as possible under the circumstances, and while there is an undercurrent of argument for American aid at the present time it is completely devoid of the alarmist hysteria which too many school publications have endorsed.

Another issue of the *Vindex* contained a short story by John P. Marquand, Jr., on the *Grapes of Wrath* style, quite vivid and provocative. Both copies have contained some excellent book reviews, which we still consider a prerequisite of a completely successful literary magazine, and the editors have also combined rather successfully certain athletic and intra-school news which makes for an exceptionally well-balanced publication.

Before concluding what we trust will be our final ramble in print at Andover there is a little story we once heard which seems too good to waste, even though it didn't go over too well at a debate.

It seems there was a woman driving down south, and one day she got stuck in some quicksand. She managed to get a farmer to pull her out, and as she was walking off, she noticed a man's hat lying in the road. She picked it up and there was a head under it.

"May I help you?" she inquired.

"No, thank you," said the man, "I'm on horse-back."

Selected Lemons

Old Lady: "Little boy, I wouldn't kick my sister around the street like that, if I were you."

Little Boy: "Oh, it's all right. She's dead."

—*Maroon Bee*

It was high noon at the Mosque. The High Priest was intoning, "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

A voice broke in, "He is not!"

The congregation turned, and among the sea of brown faces was a small yellow face.

The priest straightened up and said, "There seems to be a little Confucian here."

—*Covered Wagon*

"The Sultan's son is inclined to be a bit wild."

"Harum scarem, eh wot?"

"Oh, no, he's used to them." —*Skipper*

Freshman: "How about a date tonight?"

Coed: "I can't go out with a baby."

Freshman: "Oh, excuse me—I didn't know."

—*Awgwan*

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Death of a Destroyer

(A true story of the Russo-Japanese War)

BY DAVID CHAVCHAVADZE, '42

THE little destroyer, HIMS *Gromky*, with full steam up, was cutting her way through the choppy waters of the Pacific Ocean, engaged in convoying the cruiser, *Vladimir Monamach*, to Vladivostok. Both ships were units of the Imperial Russian Pacific squadron, which, in the spring of 1905, was trying desperately to fight off the superior Japanese fleet in the last phases of the Russo-Japanese war. Night was coming on as the *Gromky's* skipper, Commander Kern, called a conference of his small staff of officers on the destroyer's bridge.

"Gentlemen," he said calmly, "it has never been my policy in the past to withhold important information from you, and now you might as well understand that we shall have to fight through a powerful enemy force if we expect to reach Vladivostok. I expect each one of you to do his duty as befits an officer in His Majesty's fleet."

The officers nodded their assent, saluted, and retired to their stations. The sun had just set in the western sky when the little vessel took up her course not far off the bow of her large and well-armed partner.

Suddenly the quiet of the Asiatic night was broken by a loud report. A column of water rose up next to the large cruiser, and several Japanese vessels loomed in the moonlight a mile or so a-port of the *Vladimir Monamach* and her convoy. The Russian gunners on both ships jumped to their places and the night was filled with bright flashes and deafening reports of the opposing cannon. The Japanese began to draw closer. Commander Kern on the *Gromky's* bridge could now distinguish the units of the enemy force—two cruisers and three destroyers. One of the latter was drawing particularly close, and Kern was in the act of judging the distance between his ship and the enemy, when his

thoughts were interrupted by the signalman's yelling, "The Jap destroyer has just fired a torpedo, sir, it's headed straight for the *Monamach*!"

Without a moment's hesitation Kern, his lips pressed together in terse resolution, signaled "full speed ahead" to the engine room. The destroyer seemed to leap ahead, her firemen straining to shovel as much coal as possible into the boilers. The ship was speeding straight into the torpedo's path. Her skipper had deemed it better to sacrifice his own command to save the much bigger cruiser from destruction. The gun crews on the *Gromky's* deck soon realized what Kern's intention was and held their breath for the explosion they felt sure was imminent. Fortunately, however, the Japanese had set the torpedo's depth gauge too low, and the iron shark passed below the keels of both Russian ships.

For two hours longer the nocturnal battle lasted, and then another torpedo hit the HIMS *Vladimir Monamach*, which started to list heavily. Her captain signalled to the *Gromky* to keep on trying to make Vladivostok. The destroyer turned sharply to the starboard and went off at full speed to try to escape any of the Japanese ships which might be tempted to follow. Soon she was out of sight of both the enemy and the sinking *Monamach*.

Dawn found the *Gromky*, now at half speed, still forging her way toward Vladivostok. Her crew had been able to put in four hours of sleep, and most of them were still in their bunks. Commander Kern had summoned his four officers to the bridge and was discussing with them the possibility of dodging the Japanese fleet much longer. The chief engineer reported that there was just enough fuel aboard to last till Vladivostok, providing the ship didn't exceed half speed. The officers had just returned to their stations when the lookout spotted two Japanese destroyers just coming over the horizon.

"Blow the call to stations, bugler!" commanded Kern, suddenly coming to life. The clear notes of the bugle rang out over the water as the sleepy sailors poured out on deck. With a loud hiss a column of water rose up several hundred yards behind the vessel, and a few seconds later the distant thunder of a naval gun reached the ears of her crew, announcing the beginning of a fight.

After an hour of comparatively silent tearing along through the water, it became obvious to the crew of the Russian ship that the Japanese were gaining on her. Realizing that it was impossible to outrun the enemy long enough to reach a Russian port, Kern slackened pace and ordered his ship cleared for action. When the enemy destroyers had come within range, he gave the signal to fire.

Crash! A shell from the *Gromky's* stern piece kicked up the water not far ahead of the first Jap destroyer. For fifteen minutes the two ships exchanged fire without damaging each other. Meanwhile, the second enemy destroyer had drawn even with the *Gromky* on the latter's port side and had opened fire. With a tearing sound a shell from this ship hit the Russian's port deck, killing two men. Kern, caught between two fires, decided on a drastic move. He changed his ship's course to hard a-port and sent her head on toward the Japanese destroyer, whose name could now be distinguished as *Siranui*. The torpedo crew fired the one torpedo that remained from the night before, and the *Gromky* swung off to the starboard. With bated breath the crew of the destroyer watched the torpedo nose straight toward the enemy. But just before it reached its destination it swerved slightly in its course and glided harmlessly past the ship's stern.

Undaunted by this disappointment, the Russian commander sent his ship in a wide arc to the starboard, and in a few minutes she was able to bring her 75-millimetre forward gun to bear on the first Japanese destroyer. She fired five shots in quick succession from this gun, drawing nearer to the foe every time. All of a sudden a cry went up from the *Gromky's* crew:

"The enemy's on fire!"

It was true. A mass of smoke rose up from the Japanese destroyer, and her crew could be seen running frantically about her decks. With a loud cheer the Russian sailors began to concentrate their efforts on the *Siranui*. Twelve had already fallen victim to the Japanese guns, and one of the Russian 47-millimetre guns had been put out of action.

The *Siranui* and the *Gromky* fought for another hour. Both ships began to show evidences of the struggle. They seemed less eager to obey the helmsman's touch. But both tired crews kept on working the guns. Suddenly Commander Kern, still on the bridge of his small vessel, noticed that the other Japanese destroyer had put out her fire and was reentering the fray. Once again the *Gromky* was facing two fires. This time, however, she could make no sudden maneuvers.

Another half-hour passed, and suddenly there was a sharp report. Commander Kern saw a cloud of smoke envelop the bow of his ship. When it had cleared, he saw four of his best gunners lying dead on the deck, and the forward gun a mass of twisted steel.

Men began to fall more often now as enemy shells, fired at shorter range, fell more accurately. The chief engineer dashed up to the bridge to report that a shell had hit below the water line, and the destroyer was shipping water.

"Signal crew, to the pumps!" commanded Kern, keeping his eye on the enemy ship.

Three men disappeared down the hatch to try to keep the water out of the hold. Another thunderbolt. More mangled steel and bodies. Only three puny 47-millimetre guns were left in working order on the *Gromky*. With a slight splintering sound a Japanese shell carried away the Imperial naval battleflag of St. Andrew. Ensign Patiomkin, in command of the remaining gun crews, took one look and started shinnying up the mast with a spare naval ensign. He quickly tied it fast and climbed down safely, drawing a loud cheer from his comrades. Twenty minutes later two more leaks had been sprung, and the hold was half full of water.

Only one gun was still in commission, and the few remaining sailors were firing at the fast-approaching enemy with rifles and diving into the flooded ammunition bin to keep the one remaining piece firing. The ship was listing badly, and her engines had practically stopped.

Kern, seeing that further resistance was of no use, gave the order:

"Abandon ship. Scuttle her first." He remained standing there on the bridge of his own vessel, sinking under his feet. He seemed not to notice the devastation and the screaming shells.

The sea had reached the *Gromky's* main deck when her survivors launched the cutter, only to find that it had been torn through by enemy shells. The wounded men clutched the sides of the riddled boat while those that could, jumped and swam for it. Ensign Patiomkin mounted the bridge to try to persuade the skipper to leave. Then he noticed his commander lying in a pool of blood, killed by a last Japanese shell just a minute before. Patiomkin fired one final shot at the enemy, as if to avenge his commander, threw the ship's code books overboard, and jumped.

The *Gromky* gave a last violent convulsion and slipped bow first into the cold waters of the north Pacific, her battleflag still tied to her fore-mast.

Out of a crew of 73, only twenty men survived.

Why the Classics?

(Continued from Page 10)

are far from dead. Every profession uses Latin terms—the lawyer says "*habeas corpus*"; the doctor, "*recipe*" (R); the chemist, "*argentum*"; the minister and journalist both must know classical mythology to refer to it in sermons and editorials. The poet continually mentions "the goddess of the silver bow" and "foot-feather'd Mercury."

To show how important Latin is in business to-

day, here are some words, set in the style of an Horatius Ode, which are all trade names. I quote this through the courtesy of Mr. William J. Chaptis, of Whitefish Bay, Wisc.

*Chipeco thermos dioxygen, temco sonora tuxedo,
Resinol fiat bacardi, camera ansco wheatena:
Antiskid pebeco calox, oleo tyco barometer
Postum nabisco!*

*Prestolite arco congoleum, karo aluminum
kryptok,*

Crisco balopticon lysol, jello bellans, carborundum!

Ampico clysmic swoboda, pantasote necco britanica

Encyclopedia?

Even the tough announcer in the ring uses Latin (unwittingly perhaps) when he shouts "Tony the Thug *versus* Moe, the Turkish Threat."

You can't get away from the classics. Whether you look at a British shilling and see "*Georgius VI, Dei Gratia Rex Imperator*," or whether you walk past the archaeology building and see the plaque reading "*Finis Orgine Pendet*" (where Eliphalet taught Greek to *his* twelve), you will realize that Latin is all around us. The classics are necessary for a liberal education and an appreciation of the fine things of life.

Johnny Get Your Gun, Get Your Gun!

(Continued from Page 12)

ing so hot either so we were all sent back to America. The ride back wasn't so bad and the general died.

I am not of much use now until I patch up. So I'm just walking around the city not doing anything much but cross-words and yo-yos. But I still see recruits being sent over to fight... get it—FIGHT! There's the rumor around that we're going to fight the Russians soon. So I'm going to heal up quick because I'm working for the government, the war is still on, and I'm in the army now.

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Refugee

(Continued from Page 22)

me was quite oppressive. Soon we were seated. Wolfgang sat unconcernedly poised on the edge of his seat thumbing the pages of a score which he had produced from a neat black case. This same score he brought out again during the major work of the concert, and sitting next to him I felt his deep understanding of the symphony as he eagerly noted the technique of the great Kendall-Smith and made subdued, rhythmic gestures over the notes in his lap. Deep in his thoughtful eyes was mirrored that depth of perception possessed by all truly great men of music, and slowly I sensed that in the freedom of his new environment this boy must eventually realize all his dreams of greatness.

The applause is now abruptly ceasing; the concertmaster attentively awaits the opening cue and everyone watches the refugee who became my friend and a great American.



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